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Chronicle

The War.—During the week there has been a renewal of artillery activity in Belgium, especially between Ramscappelle and Dixmude. Though vigorous engagements have taken place in the vicinity

Bulletin, June 4, p.m. of Hulluch, Lens, Monchy and

June 11, a.m.

Chérisy, they have left the line practically unchanged. The British, however, succeeded in taking about a mile of German trenches on the western slope of Greenland Hill, north of the Scarpe. Further south the Germans have been making fruitless attacks on the French lines. They occupied some French positions northwest of the Froidmont Farm, but were subsequently forced to relinquish them.

Along the Isonzo the Austrians have shown unexpected strength. They made some progress on San Marco but later retired; east of Goritz, however, they have made some permanent gains; and south of Jamiano they claim to have retaken most of the ground recently captured by the Italians, including most of the Italian positions on the western slopes of Monte Hermada, the village of Flonder, and some positions near Medeazza. Considerable activity on the part of the Austrians has been reported in the Trentino.

The most important military event of the week was the capture by the British of the Wytschaete salient on a front of five miles long and three miles deep. This

British Storm *Wytschaete Salient* salient was a very important German position, dangerous to Ypres from the south, consisting of high ground which has given the Germans since October, 1914, valuable observation-points and effective sites for destructive gun-fire. The attack was begun with the explosion of 950,000 pounds of high explosives, distributed in nineteen mines dug under the German lines from Hill 60 to the wood of Ploegsteert. Hill 60 was blown to pieces, the Wytschaete-Messines ridge was torn asunder and large portions of the German defense system were hopelessly shattered.

Under cover of a terrific artillery fire and a dense smoke-barrage, British infantry, supported by armored tanks and airships, swarmed up the western slopes and after three hours of fighting had secure possession of

the entire ridge. Before midday the villages of Wytschaete and Messines had been taken, and by the middle of the afternoon the British had forced their way down the eastern slopes, occupied Oosttaverne and other smaller villages, and straightened out their line from Hill 60 to Frelinghien. Repeated German counter-attacks failed to dislodge the British from their newly-gained positions, and the entire line, as readjusted, is now securely in British hands.

The visit of the American delegation to Russia, which has for its purpose "to express the deep friendship of the American people for the people of Russia

The Note to *Russia* and to discuss the best and most practical means of cooperation between the two peoples in carrying the present struggle for the freedom of all peoples to a successful consummation," has afforded President Wilson an opportunity for restating the objects which the United States had in mind in entering the war. This he has done in a communication to the Russian Government.

The position of America in this war is so clearly avowed that no man can be excused for mistaking it. She seeks no material profit or aggrandizement of any kind. She is fighting for no advantage or selfish object of her own, but for the liberation of peoples everywhere from the aggressions of autocratic force.

We are fighting for the liberty, the self-government and the undictated development of all peoples, and every feature of the settlement that concludes this war must be conceived and executed for that purpose. Wrongs must first be righted and then adequate safeguards must be created to prevent their being committed again.

Having laid down this platform, the President declares that the United States will oppose the proposal made by recent German propaganda for a return to the state of things which existed before the outbreak of hostilities.

Of course, the Imperial German Government and those whom it is using for their own undoing are seeking to obtain pledges that the war will end in the restoration of the status quo ante. It was the status quo ante out of which this iniquitous war issued forth, the power of the Imperial German Government within the empire and its widespread domination and influence outside of that empire. That status must be altered in such fashion as to prevent any such hideous thing from ever happening again.

Readjustments, the President continues, will have to be made on the following principle:

No people must be forced under sovereignty under which it does not wish to live. No territory must change hands except for the purpose of securing those who inhabit it a fair chance of life and liberty. No indemnities must be insisted on except those that constitute payment for manifest wrongs done. No readjustments of power must be made except such as will tend to secure the future peace of the world and the future welfare and happiness of its peoples.

Once a settlement has been effected on this high ground of universal liberty, a common covenant must be drawn up by the free peoples, combining their united force "to secure peace and justice in the dealings of nations with one another," and to resist aggression on the part of "autocratic and self-pleasing power." The President calls attention to the fact that these are motives which justify and glorify the expenditure of blood and treasure, and render victory certain if union can only be maintained in the great cause of human liberty. After victory has been secured we can afford to be generous, he concludes, "but we cannot afford then or now to be weak or omit a single guarantee of justice and security."

During the week ending June 11 no great progress was made at Washington in war legislation. Most of the important bills remained in conference. The Senate

Financial Committee still wrestled

War Legislation with the revision of the War Revenue bill passed by the House, and there is little likelihood that this measure will be brought before the Senate during the present week. The Committee continued to discuss the question of taxing newspapers and periodicals, incomes and excess profits; it abandoned the proposed taxation of confectionary, revised the automobile tax paragraph; and is disposed to write into the bill a prohibitive tax on distilled liquors, forbidding at the same time their importation. The tax is twenty dollars a bushel on grain used in the manufacture of whisky and other ardent spirits, and five dollars a gallon on molasses and spirits used in the manufacture of rum. At present there exists in the country a stock of whisky which is estimated to be not less than 300,000,000 gallons; this will be taxed according to the present plan at two dollars and twenty cents a gallon instead of one dollar and ten cents a gallon, as provided for in the existing law.

The American Medical Association has officially announced that through its agencies the medical forces of the country have been organized and that there are at least 142,000 physicians and surgeons

Other Items available for the Red Cross service.

Lord Northcliffe, at the request of the British War Office, has accepted the post of head of the British War Mission in the United States. His work, which is to be commercial and not political, will consist in coordinating the efforts of the various British agencies now in the United States and effecting co-

operation between the nations of the Entente and the American Government. The heads of the war missions of the other Governments are M. André Tardieu for France, the Italian Ambassador, Count Macchi da Cellere, for Italy, and Professor Bakheteff for Russia.

Reports from the District of Columbia and from twenty-six States show a total registration of 4,716,768. As the districts for which the final tabulation has been filed with the Government comprise about one-half of the country, it is believed that the number of young men liable to conscription will be approximately 9,000,000. This is somewhat lower than the figure given by the census authorities, but in no way indicates that there has been any disposition to evade the duty of registration. Delay has been occasioned by the fact that some neglected to register through misunderstanding, and also because the tabulation of names sent in by mail has been necessarily slower than in the case of those who appeared before the registrars in person. Another reason for the total registration being lower than was popularly expected is the fact that from 500,000 to 1,000,000 men were exempt from the duty of registration, because they are already enrolled in the armed forces of the nation.

Canada.—Just at present the conscription bill is a topic of keen discussion in Canada, both on account of the opposition it has aroused and because, though it is now

The Conscription Bill on the eve of introduction into Parliament, Canadians do not know its provisions. Prophecy concerning its contents and fate are numerous. If rumors be true, both married and unmarried men between twenty and forty-five years of age will be liable to draft without registration. Government organs predict the immediate passage of the bill. The Ottawa *Journal* says: "The Government expects to get the support of twenty-one Liberals and the whole of its own party, which will give the Government nearly a hundred majority for conscription." The Montreal *Gazette* declares:

There are now three groups, Government, Liberal Conscriptionists and Liberal Anti-Conscriptionists. Next week may see these merged, or they may be merged into two parties, Unionist and Nationalist. The Government has emerged from the tense situation much stronger and more aggressive, and Sir Robert Borden occupies a position stronger than any Prime Minister has had in the last twenty-five years.

On the other hand many think that the measure will be defeated, while others again are of the opinion that it will ultimately be submitted to a referendum, only to be rejected by the people. It is expected that Sir Wilfred Laurier, supported by the Hon. William Pugsley, the Hon. Frank Oliver and other equally prominent Liberals, will lead the anti-conscriptionists. The outcome is awaited with great interest by all Canadians.

China.—On June 1 word came from Amoy that the northern provinces of Anhwei, Honan, and Hupeth had

declared themselves independent of Peking, through dissatisfaction with the pro-German policy of the Kwo Min Tang, the dominant political party at the capital.

Revolutionary Movements

Later advices announced that General Shang-Hsun, Military Governor of the Province of Anhwei, came to Tien-Tsin on June 2 and after conferring with the militarists there, set up a provisional government, composed of the following members: General Shang-Hsun was appointed dictator; Wang-Shih-chen, the acting Premier, was made Premier; Tuan-Chi-kuei, brother of Tuan-Chi-jui, former Premier, was named Minister of War; Tsao-Julin, who is believed to be strongly pro-Japanese, received the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and Tang-Hua-lung, former Minister of Communications, was chosen as Minister of the Interior.

By June 3 eleven out of the eighteen Provinces of China, it was reported, were no longer recognizing the authority of the Peking Government, but the three southern Provinces of Kwang-Tung, Kwangsi, and Yun-nan were loyally supporting President Yuan-Li-Hung. As the Peking military commanders refused to carry out the President's orders, he could do little to check the revolutionary movement, Vice-President Feng Kwo-Chang handed in his resignation, and Yuan-Li-Hung issued a proclamation urging the factions to unite, and protesting his own neutrality in the internal troubles that are imperiling the Chinese Republic. The seceding Provinces demand the dismissal of the National Assembly, the revision of the Constitution, the dismissal of the President's advisers, the reinstatement as Premier of Tuan-Chi-jui and war against Germany. In Tien-Tsin martial law has been declared, forces from three revolted Provinces are encamped near it, Gen. Chang-Haun has entered the city with 5,000 troops and was received almost like a king. He says that the present trouble can be settled, provided Parliament is dissolved.

France.—The Ribot Government has had to face a well-organized opposition for the past week. But finally after a two days' session, which came as a climax to a

Vote of Confidence in the Ribot Government protracted debate, it has come out victorious from the struggle. During the latter part of the discussion Admiral Lacaze, Minister of Marine, and the conduct of the navy were under fire, especially on account of the merchant marine losses. But on June 8 the Chamber of Deputies voted confidence in the Government by 310 to 178.

In the closing session the attack centered on the alleged laxity of the measures taken to combat the submarine menace. Speaking in defense of the Government, Premier Ribot declared that the submarine war had surprised the navies of all the Allies. But he did not deny the peril and asked for increased credits to meet this new form of warfare. The Premier agreed to the creation of a department of submarine defense. While

the debate was going on in the Chamber, the Senate unanimously adopted a bill revising the budget of the Minister of the Navy so as to include more ample credits for anti-submarine measures.

Ireland.—According to dispatches to the New York press, dated from London, June 9, Major William H. K.

Death of William Redmond

Redmond, member of Parliament for the East Division of Clare and a brother of John Redmond, leader of the Irish Nationalists in the House of Commons, has just died from wounds received on the battle front in France. He was wounded in action on June 7. "The news of Major Redmond's death," says the correspondent of the New York *Sun*, "will cause genuine regret both in England and Ireland. He was one of the most brilliant men of the Nationalist party, and while an uncompromising advocate of Home Rule, he was one of the most popular men in Parliament and the country." On the outbreak of the war, he gave his whole-hearted support to the cause of the Allies, and though well over the age limit sought and obtained a commission in an Irish regiment and served with the Sixth Royal Irish Rifles. He sat in Parliament for Wexford, North Fermanagh and East Clare successively, having represented the East Division of Clare since 1892. He was born in 1861, was brilliantly educated and distinguished himself as a barrister-at-law. He was well known in the United States, to which country he made several visits, the last one being just before the war. After Major Redmond's regiment went to France, he made but few appearances in the House of Commons, but these became notable for his continued support of the war and his eloquent appeals for a conciliatory settlement of the Irish question.

Rome.—The Holy Father recently addressed a brief to the Reverend Father Joseph Hiss, the Superior General of the Society of Mary, on the centenary of the

The Chaminade Centenary

Society, soon to be celebrated. In this letter Pope Benedict makes touching reference to the Founder of the Congregation, Father Chaminade, who at the time when the French Revolution was at its height and the clergy who had not taken the schismatical, constitutional oath, were the victims of the sternest persecution, distinguished himself by his fidelity to duty, his zeal for the Divine glory and his charity to his neighbor. The Holy Father recalls the heroism with which time and again this saintly priest risked his own life to bring the consolations of religion to the sick and the dying. The apostle was undoubtedly raised by God to preserve the Faith in Bordeaux in those troublous days. The Holy Father proposes him to all Christians as a model of fidelity to duty and to the inspirations of the Holy Ghost.

Russia.—The situation in Russia does not appear to be improving much. Military activity and domestic prog-

ress are at a standstill owing to the quarrels between the Cabinet and the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, and owing to the serious labor troubles.

The Future Still Dark

The Delegates have the power but the Cabinet the responsibility. The laboring classes have the vaguest idea of economic principles and make the most unreasonable demands. However, fraternizing with the enemy at the front is reported to be less frequent than formerly, and deserters are returning to the lines. Moreover, according to a well authenticated report, the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates issued a letter to the Russian army, stating that the Council had rejected a German offer for an armistice. The armistice was suggested that a way might be indicated by which Russia might obtain an honorable peace without rupture with the Allies.

On June 8 the Congress of Peasants, in session at Petrograd, adopted a resolution calling upon the army to submit to discipline and defend revolutionary Russia. The Congress also announced that

The peasants aspire to an equitable peace without humiliating annexation or indemnity and with the right of each nation to dispose of itself. International relations and treaties should be submitted to the control of the people interested. Disputes should be settled by an international tribunal and not by force. The congress approves the union of workers and appeals to the peasants of all countries to force their governments to renounce annexations and indemnities.

Minister of War Kerensky has ordered the resolution to be read to all ranks of the army and navy.

Kronstadt, the seaport and fortress of Petrograd, which defied the Provisional Government and set up an independent republic early this month, is now jumping

Kronstadt's Revolt from surrender to defiance. Early in the week it announced its submission; later it renewed its resolution depos-

ing the Petrograd Government. The leader of the revolt was Anatole Lamanoff, a young student of chemistry, who had made himself President of the Kronstadt Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates. Ten representatives from the new republic conferred with the Petrograd Council of Delegates on June 5, and the Socialist Ministers, Kerensky, Tseretelli, Skobelev and Tchernoff addressed the meeting. The Petrograd Delegates proposed a resolution which summoned Kronstadt to return at once to the revolutionary democracy. Two of the Socialist Ministers went to Kronstadt on June 5, addressed the Council and the crowds in the street, and finally a majority of the Council agreed to recognize the Provisional Government, so peace was made. But this happy state was of short duration. On June 9 the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates sent out

Socialists' Peace Manifesto a statement to the Socialists of the world, reiterating the slogan, "Peace without annexations or indemnities on the basis of rights of nations to decide their own

destiny," and summoning to a conference to be held at Stockholm on "a certain day between June 28 and July 8," Socialist delegates from all over the world. The manifesto runs:

The Council of Soldier's and Workmen's Delegates is of the opinion that the speedy termination of the war and the restoration of international peace on the basis required by the general interests of labor, as well as mankind, can only be achieved if the Socialist Labor parties and trades unions in all countries, belligerent and neutral, will unite their efforts in a stubborn and energetic fight against this universal slaughter.

The first important step in that direction is the summoning of an international conference, the main object of which should be to arrive at an agreement between the representatives of the Socialist proletariat in regard to the termination of the "party truce" with imperialistic governments and classes, which makes nugatory the real struggle for peace, as well as to carry this endeavor into practical effect.

The manifesto appears to be an invitation to the working classes both of the Allies and the Central Powers to withdraw their support from all the warring governments and set up the rule of Socialism.

Spain.—On June 9 Marquis Manuel Garcia Prieto tendered to the King the resignation of the Cabinet. The Cabinet, of which he was the head, was formed on April

Prieto Resigns 19, in succession to that of Count Romanones. It has been well known for some time the Prieto Ministry

has been confronted with both military and economic difficulties. There has been discontent among army officers who desire a betterment of their conditions, and probably the spirit of unrest will reach the rank and file of the troops. There has also been a great deal of dissatisfaction among the laboring classes with threats of a general strike. Sinking of Spanish vessels by German submarines has of late greatly added to the popular restlessness. Marquis Prieto virtually confessed himself unable to bring about the necessary changes in the political and economic status until the various problems facing the nation should be thoroughly discussed in Parliament. One of the last official acts of the retiring Premier was to urge upon the Council of Ministers the convocation of Parliament as speedily as possible, for it was felt on all sides that delay in doing so might precipitate an acute crisis, with which, if not met in time, it might be afterwards extremely difficult to deal. Reports point to Señor Dato as the head of the new Ministry.

But the situation is still confused. There is talk in some quarters of Captain-General Valeriano Weyler being offered the post of Premier. Consulted on the crisis, ex-Premiers Romanones, Maura and Dato were of the opinion that Prieto should remain in power, choosing a new Minister of War. The King himself is said to have requested the retiring Minister to reconsider his resignation. The Conservatives expressed the belief that the Liberals should remain in office until Parliament can meet and furnish a solution of the crisis.

The Second Battle of Princeton

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

ON January 3, 1777, Washington defeated the British troops under Mawhood and Leslie at the battle of Princeton. Strategically and morally the victory was one of the most important in our struggle for independence. It gave our forces control of New Jersey and drove Cornwallis into New York. It heartened the people wearied of the war and made them realize that with a little more patience and a few more sacrifices, a lasting victory would crown their efforts.

The second battle of Princeton was begun on June 2, 1917. This time Englishmen and Americans fought side by side in a bloodless struggle. It was no longer Redcoat against Continental. It has been called "The Battle of the Books." Within sight of the fields where Washington rallied his columns, a blow was then struck for educational freedom and for the highest educational standards. In the halls of the University, a well-generalized and disciplined force, equipped for the fray and enthusiastic for the cause, lifted up the banner of the classics. And as was said in a late issue of AMERICA, it was sound strategy which selected its leaders, not from the dry-as-dust expounders of Greek accents and logacædic verse, but a statesman like President Wilson, a chemist like Charles H. Herty, an architect like Thomas Hastings, a biologist like H. H. Donaldson, a geologist like William Berryman Scott. If railroad presidents, heads of great industrial concerns, and specialists in science plead the cause of those old masters, and emphasize the truth that the classics are the best instruments for the training of the mind, even of specialists, there is no reason for the rank and file of those who love the classics to despair of their cause.

"This Battle of the Books" has long been going on. It is almost impossible to contribute any new element to the contest. All the ammunition has been spent long ago. Even at the Princeton conference, the weapons, though good and effective were not new. But they were refurbished and polished, sharpened to keener edge and driven effectively home by hands fully conscious of their power.

The end of all true education is to humanize us, to render us as far as possible, rounded and perfect men. If any system or course of study can be found which will train the intellect, the imagination, and the heart; if any masters can be had to purify the emotions, refine the taste and give to all the faculties equilibrium and harmony; if any author or set of authors express in clear, strong, melodious language, the thoughts, the emotions common to all humanity and in a form ever permanent in its appeal to all passing ages; if besides

this, the same system, the same authors connect us with a remote but noble civilization from which we derive our laws, our philosophy, our arts the very forms of the epics, the lyrics, the tragedies, the comedies, the historical narratives, which stir our hearts to laughter or tears, or nerve the hand to deeds of heroism, then we claim for them the right to rule, to guide and to teach. Now the classics have accomplished this. In this they stand supreme. Here above everything else lies their excellence. In this consist their power and their educational value. It is true that this is the function of all great literature and that what we say of them applies in some measure to all great writers. In one instance, even—that of Shakespeare—we might maintain that in some qualities he is greater than the greatest among the giants of Greece and Rome. In his almost infallible knowledge of the secret workings of the human heart in its every mood and crisis, and in his imperial sway over the resources of style, he has not perhaps his equal. But in taste, in refinement, in balance and proportion he must yield the palm to the bard of the Iliad or even to other classic authors of inferior gifts.

The poet has said that the proper study of mankind is man. If he means man exclusively, he is mistaken. If he means man in his relations to nature and above all things to God, he is right. The classics of Greece and Rome have made man in this larger sense their chief concern. They have done so with a steadiness and a surety of touch, with an infallible insight into his nature and the problems which press on him from all sides, with a balance and a truth which amaze us. In special lines, in individual sketches, in certain phases of life, in the side-issues of the ever-changing psychology of the human heart, they have been surpassed. But they have gone to the fundamentals of human nature. They have struck those primary but nobly sounding chords of human passion and feeling in a way which has not on the whole been rivaled. They have gazed with clear and steady eyes into the heights and the depths of human life. Humanity is their theme, in the very noblest sense of the word.

Whether it is Homer who sings of the battle on the plains of windy Troy, or Sophocles that depicts the gathering cloud of wrath and ignominy which is to burst over the head of the Theban king, or Plato who tells in style never matched for subdued emotion of the death of the wisest of the teachers of Athens, or Vergil who mourns over the dying Euryalus, it is the heart of man that is laid bare before us, it is his fate, his soul, his destiny, that mainly interests them and us. Humanity is the hero and the protagonist of the masterpieces of Greece and

Rome. "*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto,*" said Terence. "I am a man and all that interests and stirs the heart of humanity interests and moves mine." That might well be the motto of the classics. They were experts in this. They studied man in their philosophy, in the incomplete way of pagans, no doubt, but with rare and blinding flashes of the truth which blazes out from the pages of Aristotle, Plato, Cicero and Seneca. When not led astray by their passions, they spoke of God, of life, of virtue and vice, in words, at times, which Augustine, Aquinas or Bossuet would not have been ashamed to own.

The classics, here is their great excellence, are the voice of the human heart, sweet, powerful, harmonious, true. That voice is natural, sympathetic, never exaggerated or artificial, always under control, and swaying the deep and solemn chords of the deepest emotion and the highest thought. With the exception of the language of that inspired Book which directly bears the impress of the Creator Himself, no other language is so universal in its reach, in its appeal, in its understanding of the secrets, the aspirations and ideals, the mysteries, the sorrows and joys of the human soul as the language of the master spirits of Greece and Rome. They speak a tongue that all men may understand. They are Greeks and Romans, and Greek beauty and Roman strength are carved fair and deep into the structure of their work. But, by a strange contrast, they seem to be without nationality. Splendid as was his genius, and imperial as his sway was over the realm of the passions, there is something insular and local even in Shakespeare. He is Anglo-Saxon to the core. There is in his work a note that does not always appeal to the Frenchman or the Italian. Racine, with all his perfection of form and artistry of verse, is distinctly French and there are strains in his wondrous poetry which do not affect the Englishman or the German. Goethe, Schiller and Heine are thoroughly Teutonic. A Frenchman cannot be expected to surrender completely to their charm.

Not so with the classics. They seem to have divested themselves of the hard and fast bonds of time, nationality and race. Greek and Roman though they were, they appear above all things, men. Hence, their value in educating men. Voicing as they did the fundamental feelings and concepts of the human heart, inventors of the philosophical treatise and founders of the first philosophical systems and schools; the first to lay down laws for the drama, the epic and the lyric, for the oration, the historical narrative and the novel, the Greeks especially, and then their masterful imitators, the great writers of Rome, gave us also the first regular masterpieces in these various kinds of composition. The very names of the molds in which the human thought has been cast, ever since their days summon before us Homer and Thucydides, Plato, Theocritus, Demosthenes and Cicero, Aeschylus and Sophocles. And if the ancients have given us the molds in which men have cast their thought, they

have given us also, in their picture of the human heart, types that serve for all time. They have painted man in the many-sided relations of his being and though the pictures were drawn, in one case, almost 3,000 years ago, they are as true to life as if drawn yesterday.

The Achilles of Homer is not only the gallant, headstrong yet generous Greek of the Iliad, he remains the type of the warrior for all time. The Hector, who bids farewell to Andromache at the Scaean Gates, is not merely the Trojan hero and the bulwark of Ilium. He is the soldier of all ages, who in one brief respite from the fray and conscious of impending doom, presses wife and child to his heart, and then because duty calls, rushes forth to die in the forefront of the battle while the tearful wife, soon to be widowed of her hero, watches his receding form. In Priam, kneeling at the feet of the stern Achilles, begging that the lifeless body of his Hector be restored to him for a soldier's burial, we see fatherhood itself, humbling its pride for the sake of the loved dead, just as in Achilles, raising from the ground the old king, who reminds him so much of his own aged sire, we see the heroes of all races and climes, who can be generous to an humbled and fallen foe. In the bloody tragedies of the House of Agamemnon, so terribly painted by Aeschylus, we forget the Greek king and the doom of his house and see in him the criminal, whoever he be, sooner or later overtaken by the wrath of the immortal gods. The literatures of Greece and Rome are a noble gallery, a richly furnished museum, where great artists have painted the character of the warrior, the statesman, the wife, the king, the patriot and the traitor and the child; the sins that stain the soul and the virtues that enoble and transfigure it to heroic dimensions. The works of those geniuses are the heritage of the human race. They connect our times with the age of Pericles and Cicero and Cæsar, with those golden days when Demosthenes pleaded for the liberty of Greece and Horace prayed to his gods that they might spare his Vergil and bring back to his friendship and love that one-half of his soul. Pagan days, yes. But in God's Providence and decree, the golden days of letters and art.

Will this golden age return? In some measure, yes, if these masters are undisturbed in their rightfully won empire and control over the training of the present generation. But, if we are to be deprived of their leadership, and are only to get at them and their works through the medium of bald and soulless translations, bereft of the beauty of their form and the music of their royal speech; if they are no longer to be our guides in our study of the secrets of the human heart; if by being denied access to them, we are denied contact with that civilization which is the source of so much that is fundamental in modern life, then the outlook is dark and gloomy. But the news that came from the field of the second battle of Princeton, where their cause won and enlisted such well-equipped and gallant champions, makes us hope for better things.

The Great Irish Crisis

SHANE LESLIE

IN the midst of an Irish symposium ably conducted in the columns of AMERICA comes word of an Irish Convention in Dublin's fair city. The Irish in this country do not seem to have realized what a remarkable step towards "what Ireland wants" has been taken. The principles of autonomy, of Ireland for the Irish, of non-interference by English statesmen in Ireland, and of Dublin as a capital are all conceded.

Once a body of representative Irishmen meets in Dublin no power in the world can weaken the moral effect or the practical result. Irish nationality has come out of the catacombs and taken lodgings in Dublin preparatory to reoccupying the noble mansion which was built as the country's symbol.

In my humble opinion a constitutional issue will be evolved and, if ratified by anything approaching a clear majority in session, ought to be indorsed by Irish-Americans whose influence will have helped to bring it about. It would be a pity to condemn the Convention before it begins or ends, because it does not fit into an extreme democratization, which is not even granted in America. America was not allowed a referendum on peace or war. I do not believe it would be any wiser to give Ireland a referendum as to whether she wishes to be a republic or not. The reason in each case must be the same, it would produce political confusion. From a comparative coercion Ireland's best friends do not wish to see her leap into anything approaching the Russian chaos. If every sect and party in Ireland is given due representation a popular vote is not necessary to indorse the findings. At least such is the principle of modern democracy, provided each sect or party is agreed that it is represented.

Such a convention is a great step, greater than the meeting of the Volunteers at Dungannon or the Confederation of Kilkenny, for it is not Protestant like the former or Catholic like the latter. Religious specialization at least has been cleared away.

Neither the Irish Party nor the Sinn Feiners can claim the credit of the Convention or its promise of result. In 1914 John Redmond was within an ace of taking the trick which, in 1916, had a settlement ensued, would have been duly accredited to the Sinn Fein. The present Convention is directly and indirectly due to both, and both must aspire and conspire to its ultimate success. I may add that John Redmond would be the last to attempt to machinate it for the sake of a party whose leadership he has gallantly offered to resign rather than allow any past words of his to be an obstacle to a united Ireland.

Should the Convention decide on a form of republican Government, it would be nothing against the Divine law.

It would be binding on both Constitutionalists and on England. I believe it would be a masterstroke on England's part to accept an Irish republic, for the first business of an Irish republic would be to effect a defensive alliance with England against the occupation of Ireland by any foreign foe. A German coaling-station, for instance, would be excluded from Ireland out of friendship for the United States, as well as from the practical consideration that it is not to Ireland's advantage for England to be conquered by Germany. To be frank, it is undeniable that England's losses and difficulties during the war have led her to take a more serious view of Irish claims. But her total defeat would prevent any view being taken at all favorable or unfavorable, for Ireland would be engulfed in her collapse. The reduction of England from the position of "Premier Power" to an equality with France and America in the world's democracy is good for both Ireland and England herself. But a conquest of England or the payment of indemnity to Germany would fall as unpleasantly on Ireland as on the United States. Miserable as it is to think of an English army of occupation in Ireland today, a German army of invasion would be far worse. Nobody has been shot in Ireland for a year, "to give the devil his due."

In his remarkable article replying to mine, Judge Cohalan, whose extreme devotion to Ireland Dublin Castle has certainly tried to justify, gives the impression that his mind tends toward the Apocalyptic view, common to all the Messianic nations, in regard to all Power Imperial. Just as the broken Jews and the persecuted Christians ever harped on the coming overthrow of Babylon and Rome, much of Irish mystico-political writing foreshadows the destruction of England. However, this has been postponed by the action of the United States and it is well to consider the more practical necessities of the situation.

Judge Cohalan recalls the interesting fact that the submarine which has all but imperiled England today, was reduced to a practical form by Holland, an Irishman. Possibly its original aim was that which it has only just, and I think happily, failed to accomplish. It is equally curious that Lord Acton, when occupying as a Catholic the history chair of Cambridge, was once asked to name the moment of England's greatest peril and answered with one of those brilliant impromptus of which his learning was capable: The day that Fulton offered his steamboat to the French Government. It was refused by the latter, but the moral lies in the fact that Fulton's father was born in Kilkenny.

The moral of today is that the submarine jeopardizes Ireland just as much as England. The rightful solution

of the Irish problem is as vital to England today as to Ireland. Both are anxious to see Ireland, in the words of the Judge, "freed from the misgovernment of England," while his corollary of "peace for the neighbors of Ireland in Europe" shows a breadth of foresight that we infer would include a peace with a just England.

Neither of these ideas would be excluded from the results of a colonial system! In fact they would both be essential to it. Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington has answered that "colonial Home Rule" is not what Ireland wants. However, she mentions the name of Gavan Duffy, who though an unsuccessful revolutionist at home, became a wonderfully successful colonial premier in Australia. I have not the slightest doubt he would at any moment have accepted the colonial solution at home.

Irishmen must feel a chivalrous difficulty in crossing pens with Mrs. Skeffington at this moment. It is, therefore, with a profound sense of her tragedy that I offer any comment on her remarks. I distinguish the Balfour régime in the past from the present militaristic condition. My criticism of the Balfourian policy of "killing Home Rule by kindness" is that it recognized the material needs and not the idealistic yearnings of the Irish people, whose national ambitions required other carriage than his famous "light railways." The Irish do prefer freedom and sentiment to bread or butter, as the interest in this idealistic Convention shows.

All that Mrs. Skeffington says is logical and, except in the matter of separation, practical. But I postulate that if Ireland cannot be a nation within the Empire, then the Empire cannot go on being an empire. In fact, it would split into Wilsonian republics. From my present information I believe the British Empire will continue nominally, but practically as a confederation of which Ireland will be one unit. The only excuse for the empires of the future will be that they foster and protect small nationalities. No compulsory system will be tolerated. Therefore, when Mrs. Skeffington writes of Ireland continuing as a pawn, exploited for imperial ambitions, the victim of secret diplomacy, etc., she does not realize that since her trip west the action of Russia and the United States has completely changed the face and future of the world. There will be one ideal of democracy and President Wilson is already its prophet. Peace and war are now in the hands of Russia and of America, as their gigantic resources are alone capable of exerting war power or peace conditions among exhausted combatants.

In the near era there will be no pawns on the chessboard, no Dublin castles, very few kings. No more than Mrs. Skeffington, do we expect the lion to lie down with the lamb, to use her metaphors for England and Ireland, but we think it possible under a colonial system for them to occupy different, though adjoining, paddocks, each with its own tariff lock and employing the same keeper, army and navy, in whatever form future armaments will be permitted to exist.

Ireland will not sell her birthright for colonial Home Rule, says Mrs. Skeffington in a telling phrase. This is idealistic. Ireland is not asked to sell her birthright. It is her deathright, the right that the Sinn Feiners took to die for her, that men of good-will in all parties are now trying to barter—I use the word in its best sense—for a greater measure of autonomy than would have been possible to obtain, had it not been for the events during, and especially subsequent, to Easter Week. We do not want a year of tragedy to go for naught.

It is only due to the Sinn Feiners that those who took the constitutional position should admit the present position. But the Sinn Fein had one great asset on its side from the point of view of moral effect, which wrecked constitutionalism and made "Sinn Fein glorious," Dublin Castle.

As a back number politically and a survivor of a passed generation I have no more to say. The Irish party has done its work, so has the Sinn Fein. Let John McNeill lead the latter into the Convention and help us to extract a parliament. If the Convention demands Canadian Home Rule let it be taken as a settlement during our lifetime. We can only prepare and make the way for an Irish parliament in which we hope the sons of Michael Davitt and John Dillon and Sheehy-Skeffington will sit to guide and rule a united and autonomous Ireland!

Scruples About War

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

TO what lengths distorted views of right and wrong, gathering momentum from morbid brooding, can lead fanatics, was recently exemplified by a newspaper tale that a young man carried out the resolution announced to his sister in the following letter: "I dread the registration and the draft, and rather than go to war to shoot innocent persons, I prefer a horrible death under a train." The inconsequential character of the conclusion indicates a clumsy forgery or mental derangement; and the concluding words of the farewell message, "I hope all capitalists may go to hell," point rather clearly to a desire to accentuate socialistic principles. However, the story is fit to point a moral. The writer of the aforesaid letter regards war as essentially illicit and taking the life of a fellow-man as under all circumstances morally wrong. It is a curious thing that holding such opinions, he paints his victim a suicide. Moreover, a little knowledge of elementary ethics would have saved him from a further absurdity.

War is not of its nature illicit. Abraham returning from the war he waged against the four kings received high commendation from Melchisedech, the priest of God, who said: "Blessed be Abram by the most high God . . . and blessed be the most high God by whose protection the enemies are in thy hands" (Gen., xiv: 18, 19). When Josue attacked the forces of Amalec, the

Lord, at the prayer of Moses, gave victory to the children of Israel (Exodus, xvii). God delivered the King of Bashan with his people and his country into the hand of Moses (Numbers, xxi). An explicit Divine command ordered the chosen people to make war on the Midianites (Numbers, xxiv). Other places also might be cited from the Old Testament as evidence of the fact that God not only approved but actually commanded warfare. It cannot, therefore, be always and under all circumstances wrong.

St. John the Baptist, when consulted by soldiers, did not bid them take off their military belt, as he assuredly would have done had warfare of its nature been evil, but contented himself with laying down rules for the proper conduct of soldiers (Luke, ii: 14). Our Blessed Lord Himself found no fault with the centurion for being a soldier (Matt., viii: 5, sq.). St. Paul praised the heroes of the Old Testament because they "became valiant in battle, put to flight the armies of foreigners" (Hebrews, xi: 34). St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Gregory, and St. Bernard, all Doctors of the Church, when treating of the subject do not find it illicit. Councils of the Church repeatedly declared war against the Turks, and gave their official ecclesiastical sanction to other wars. There are still alive those who remember the last war in which the Papacy was engaged in defense of its rights. And the great philosophers and theologians, with St. Thomas at their head, have one and all taught that given the proper conditions, not merely defensive but offensive war is justified.

The whole world recognizes this principle and has always accepted it, and a large portion of mankind is at present acting on it. The practical unanimity of the men of all ages and all nations is a cogent reason for overruling the opinions of the few individuals who hold the contrary. Aside from the fact that it is worse than foolish for any man to set up his private views against the judgment of mankind in general, it is clear that it is morally impossible for the entire human race to be in error on a matter which concerns in so intimate a way fundamental notions of right and wrong.

The scruples, therefore, of modern fanatics who cry out against war as something essentially and under all circumstances evil and illicit are without foundation. Warfare has the sanction of positive Divine law; it is also approved by the highest ecclesiastical authority on earth. It is, moreover, perfectly in accord with the dictates of the natural law. Nations are like individuals: both have the right of self-defense; both may go to the length of taking the lives of their unjust aggressors when this is necessary, for it is a principle universally admitted that it is lawful to repel unlawful force by force. The State has a right and a duty to protect its own rights and the rights, lives and property of its citizens; and as it has no higher tribunal to appeal to in order to secure justice and to repair grave injuries, and no other means to obtain redress for its wrongs, it may appeal to arms

in order to obtain peace, provided it invokes the authorization of its supreme authority, and has a sufficient cause and a right intention.

Reluctance to shed human blood does a man credit; no one who dons a uniform but feels this reluctance; but to let it so overshadow every other consideration as to refuse on account of it to take the only effective means of defending one's country and one's fellow-citizens is a downright perversion of right order. An individual, it is true, may, except in extraordinary circumstances, permit his own life to be taken rather than take another's; but a soldier called to the defense of his country may not licitly do so, for he would thereby jeopardize the lives of others whom he is strictly bound to defend. Charity, which begins at home, demands that we put the safety of those who are linked with us in ties of kinship or nationality before the safety of open enemies; and a man who allows his instinctive horror of shedding human blood so to dominate him as to make him abstain from taking the only effective means of defeating the sworn foes of his country is subordinating right reason to perverse sentimentality. If there is question merely of volunteering, a man will not fail ordinarily in his strict duty, if he does not take up arms; but if his country, giving him no choice, orders him to the front and puts a gun in his hand, he must in conscience shoot straight, with intent to wound, though not with the purpose of killing the foe.

A nation at war is bound to afford its citizens protection of their lives and property, and the only way to do this is by breaking the enemy's fighting strength. To reduce combatants to the state of non-combatants is the prime function of war, and the obvious way of accomplishing this is so to wound them that they will be unable to bear arms. The most merciful war is the one in which this deadly purpose is accomplished with the greatest speed, precision and effectiveness; the nation that does less than this fails in its duty to its citizens, the citizen who does less than this fails in his duty to the State. Any other course is cruelty and cowardice masquerading as kindness.

Nor is the right to inflict wounds on those who are in the armies of the enemy neutralized, or its legitimate exercise restricted, by the plea that one may not "shoot innocent persons." There is a plausibility about this plea, which gives it a show of justice, but is really without foundation. It is a misnomer to call those innocent who are engaged in an unjust war and who are aiming blows, in defiance of right, at the heart of one's own country. Personally they may not be responsible for the initial cause of the war, they may moreover be guiltless of any moral blame in prosecuting it; but they are undoubtedly cooperating in at least a material sense with an act of unjust aggression, they are identified with their country's act, and as a consequence, they can claim no immunity from danger, they must share the common fortunes of war.

Are Maine Yankees Degenerating?

GEORGE F. O'DWYER

THE Rockefeller Foundation, that ever-ready panacea for human ills, imaginary and real, is about to investigate the morals of the State of Maine. Investigators from this national fount of helpfulness are primed to poke their several noses into alleged foul-smelling places of the State and are now awaiting orders to start to the front.

For the news has gone forth to the outside world that "Two per cent of the children attending the public schools throughout the State are feeble-minded to a degree; that the policy of the State in caring for the feeble-minded is indefinite and a cause for criticism; that there is no knowledge of the number of feeble-minded in the State!" All of the foregoing assertions were taken from the *Portland Express*, a paper which circulates largely in Maine, and they were made, according to the *Express*, by State Representative Cole before the House of Representatives in session at the State House in Augusta, March 27, last. At this same session, the omnipresent Rockefeller Foundation agreed to help out if a commission was appointed by the Governor. Representative Cole embodied his statements in the form of a resolution "That the Governor, with the consent of the Council appoint three disinterested persons as a commission to investigate thoroughly and to study the condition of the feeble-minded of the State." This resolution was passed to be engrossed under suspension of the rules. Governor Milliken, it is understood, has now in contemplation the appointment of these commissioners and when they are chosen they will work in connection with the Rockefeller investigators. The Foundation, in turn, "has assured the Governor that if a commission is appointed, they will send investigators into the State and will make recommendations for the future."

Here truly is an interesting condition of affairs! Is it possible that Maine, which Americans have always looked up to as the habitat of the sturdy, self-reliant Yankee, which is the birth-place of some of our greatest statesmen and farmers, needs investigation by outsiders, and especially by a social court of last resort like the Rockefeller Foundation? O shades of *Veritas*, of Tom Reed and Jeremiah O'Brien! Somebody must be wrong!

But let us anticipate the learned investigators of the Rockefeller Foundation a little and look into certain tangible facts. Or, mayhap, the reader has been through some towns and cities of the State lately and has seen things for himself. We shall first consider the State Report of Charities and Corrections for 1916. Take the case of the feeble-minded at the State

school in West Pownal, the only one, by the way, in this large State. Here, according to the report, there is a daily average attendance of 264 males and females; the annual per capita cost is \$222.99 an inmate, an increase of \$44.14 over the previous year. The aggregate expenditure in 1914 for this institution was \$87,096.24; in 1915, \$126,906.28. The school is now filled to its capacity and, according to the superintendent, there is a waiting list of 150. The school cares for idiotic and feeble-minded males between the ages of six and forty and for females between six and forty-five. The males in this school are in the majority.

Now many authorities say that "eighty per cent of all cases of feeble-mindedness are due to heredity." If this contention is true, then the State of Maine stands convicted, for heredity is the principal cause of feeble-mindedness there; alcoholism being the next contributing cause. But let us consider the State vital-statistics report for 1913, a normal year. We find an alarming condition of affairs here as concerns births, marriages and divorces. During this year, the registrar's office of forty-seven towns showed not one marriage; in eighteen towns, not one birth was recorded! In Aroostook County, where the highest birth-rate was found, the percentage of still-births reached its maximum. Throughout this county, only one town, Houlton, showed by birth and marriage records that the native American woman was fulfilling the primary end of marriage. In the whole State, only thirty-three towns and cities of any size were to be found in which native American women, as a class, proved that they were doing their duty. In two of these, Lewiston and Jay, foreign mothers had a far larger progeny than native mothers. In Ellsworth, Dover, Bangor, Foxcroft, Richmond, Belfast, Rockland, Augusta, Farmington and Gardiner, typical American cities and towns, the birth-rate was lower than the death-rate. The population of the combined thirty-three cities and towns was only thirty-two per cent of the entire population of the State. Maine in 1913 had 15,719 births recorded; 1,534 infants died and there were 689 still-births. In other words, one infant died to every eight infants born that year. During this same year, statistics showed that there was one divorce to every six marriages contracted. The annual average of divorces per 100,000 population in this State is 112, the highest percentage of any State in the Union.

From the following quotation from the *Boston Post* of March 22 last, the social conditions prevailing at "Sprague City," a settlement near Sanford, may be inferred:

[The county officials] summoned into court four adults with their children. Many more families from the "city" were to be brought into court the next day. "Sprague City" was said in court to be notorious for the deplorable condition of its homes, the poor status of its people, and the general lack of schooling of its children. The people of the settlement, for the most part live in one-room huts, 8x10 feet. The houses rest on the ground. The families sleep on mattresses placed on the floors, have scanty bed-clothing. Attached to most of the huts are sheds that house a horse and cow. In winter the people make hoops and baskets and in summer pick blueberries. Judge John V. Tucker, sitting on the case, decreed that Jesse and Elizabeth Burgin, the children of Frank and Lulu Burgin, of "Sprague City," be given into the custody of the county agent. It was found that the children were ignorant of the alphabet and the names of the days of the week. The other case in court involved George West and Mrs. Matilda Sprague. West testified that Mrs. Sprague is his housekeeper and that she has a husband living. Their three children were given into the care of the county agent. West was charged with a statutory offence. At this point, court was adjourned and bath-tubs brought into the court-room. The children of the above couples were given a thorough bath, dressed in new clothing and taken to the York County Children's Home!

According to the *Boston Post*, here is another proof of Maine's degeneracy:

Algie B. Whiting, aged forty-eight, and his wife, Lucy, were arrested on the afternoon of May 2 last, in Dover, Maine, charged with the murder of their infant child at their home on a farm on the outskirts of the town, April 4. On the last-named date, Whiting reported to the town authorities that he had found the body of a baby girl on the doorsteps of his home. Autopsy had proved that the child's death was due to exposure, also that the child had lived about three days after its birth. Suspicion was directed at Whiting following his marriage last week to his housekeeper, Lucy Withee.

On May 20 last, Rev. W. A. Bartlett, a Congregationalist minister in Lewiston, Maine, said in a sermon, referring to the new police commission in that city, that "The town, instead of being a center and mecca for drinkers and sellers of rum, may now throw off its shackles. I have been told, on good authority, that the opposition to good government in this town arises from those who wish to break the law, who have no sense of patriotism, but demand the right to drink, to sell rum and to have a condition of prostitution!" This aroused Mayor Charles P. Lemaire, who took the above as a direct slap at him. On May 22, his fiery French-Canadian spirit led him to declare in a public print as follows: "If Dr. Bartlett is not afraid to meet me, man to man, I challenge him to two six-round bouts at City Hall. If he is not afraid to meet me in open argument, I challenge him to a debate in his own pulpit!" Up to the present writing, the Reverend Mr. Bartlett, who has the reputation of being a fearless advocate of temperance, had not replied to the above invitations.

It might be said here that Lewiston is one of the sore spots of the State as regards illicit liquor-selling, and the accompanying condition of prostitution in the city

will perhaps give the State and Rockefeller investigators sufficient work for a week at least. Bangor, lying east, and north of Lewiston, has been for the past twenty-five years one of the favorite meccas for female moral lepers, as this town is the main stamping-ground for woodsmen going to and fro, into or out of the big timber woods north. As a result, poisonous drink and immoral men and women have been practically ruining the city. These startling and immoral conditions can be found in a greater or lesser degree throughout the State. Does the reader still doubt? Then let him read this news-item clipped from the *Boston Post*, for March 23: "South Paris, Maine, March 23.—Albert B. Bean of Waterford, indicted on the charge of murder in causing the death of his eighteen-year-old daughter, Inez, by an illegal operation, was allowed to plead guilty to manslaughter today. He was sentenced to from eight to twenty years in prison."

Reading between the lines of the above startling instances, the reader can probably arrive at a fair opinion as to the moral or immoral conditions of Maine today. There are still many things to be unearthed and the investigators will doubtless pursue their unwelcome task with a due regard for the verities. But the reliance on official statistics, either from town or State authorities, is apt to be misleading. In such an investigation of a whole State, facts are liable to be glossed over, especially if these facts reflect hard on the moral status of the people in the place concerned. According to reports already published, some of the population are already indicted. So the investigators have a very delicate task before them and it is to be hoped that the larger part of the State's population will be adjudged not guilty. The native Maine Yankee and his stock are on trial. We can charitably incline to the hope that his case is not so hopeless as the above facts and figures would lead us to believe.

If the people of Maine are adjudged guilty, then the case lies with the Governor of the State, the legislative bodies and the divorce court judges. Maine, today, should be one of the most populous and thriving States in the Union. It has the most beautiful scenery, the most beautiful lakes and rivers, the most productive land in New England, the deepest harbors for shipping and ship-building, and the most fertile timber lands of any of our States. But in comparison with the people of other successful agricultural States like North Dakota and Oklahoma it is greatly inferior, as regards human productivity. The only hope for Maine, in the humble opinion of the writer, is to open up the deserted farms, lands and islands of the State free, for a period of ten years, to deserving Irish, Scotch, German, Polish and Swedish farmers and their families. There could be a provision that these families must agree to till and cultivate these lands for a period of say, ten years. This is the only hope for the rejuvenation of the State.

Kings and Cloistered Courtesies

H. C. WATTS

THE democratic flavor of that very excellent compendium of breeding and good manners, the "Roman Pontifical," is nowhere more strongly marked than in the section that is devoted to those things pertaining to the solemn reception of secular princes, Christian princes, that is, since the Roman Pontifical is a Christian book. It is a matter for regret that a greater number of enlightened persons do not devote more of their spare time to an earnest study of the Roman Pontifical; it is a matter for regret that more persons do not have at their finger-tips, not only the manner in which a Christian gentleman should comport himself in the presence of a secular prince, but also the manner in which a secular prince should conduct himself when he is in the presence of a plain Christian gentleman.

A case in point that has some bearing on this question occurred recently. His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor, so a dispatch in the Catholic press tells us, a short time ago paid a visit to the Benedictine abbey of Maredsous in Belgium. The visit, so we are assured, was announced to the abbey an hour in advance. But though the imperial guest was treated with all courtesy, he was met with freezing chilliness. On the surface the implication is that the monks of Maredsous forgot, for this occasion at least, that they are Christian gentlemen, and the implication might have been true were it not for one simple fact, the simple fact that there are no monks at Maredsous, for they are in exile at Edermine, near Waterford, in Ireland. So it is possible to understand that the Christian courtesy of the custodians of Maredsous lacked somewhat of warmth when the author of the monks' exile presented himself before the doors of the abbey.

To get the right hold on the situation it is necessary to go back to the days shortly before the war. On Sunday, July 5, 1914, a brilliant company was gathered in the abbey church of Maredsous for the ordination of a monk to the priesthood. It was not just an ordinary function, but an occasion of some little significance. It was, in fact, the ordination to the priesthood of Dom Aelred Carlyle, abbot of the convert monks of Caldey Island, by Monseigneur Heylen, Bishop of Namur. It was an occasion out of the ordinary, and the abbey church was a scene of great splendor. Then a shot was fired in Sarajevo, and afterwards came the fateful month of August, 1914.

Maredsous is situated about half way between Namur and Dinant, a few miles from the right bank of the Meuse, and when the German troops crossed the frontier and poured into Belgium the abbey was one of the first places to fall into their hands. By order of the Commandant at Namur all the German Brothers and almost all the German Fathers were sent away from the abbey, which, by the way, belongs to a Bavarian Congregation. Beds were made ready in the monastery for the wounded, and the monks of Maredsous gave themselves to prayer.

Then Namur fell, and battles were fought all around the abbey, and at one time three separate battles were being fought at the very gates. A fierce bombardment was kept up, and terrified crowds of country-folk fled to the abbey for refuge. At one time there were five hundred persons and the whole community of Maredsous in hiding in the crypt of the abbey church. But at last the abbey fell into the hands of the victorious German troops and their wounded were sent to the abbey to be looked after by the monks. Yet, even so, the monks were left in undisturbed possession of their home until September 12.

On that day a German officer came from Dresden to inquire about some of the wounded troops, and the officer spoke no French. Now the Abbot of Maredsous, the Right Rev. Dom

Columba Marmion, O.S.B., is an Irishman; he is also an accomplished French scholar and speaks the language fluently. To the non-French-speaking officer he addressed himself in German, and the officer turned immediately to him and said, very dramatically, "You're English!" The same day the intimation was conveyed to the abbot that his life was in immediate danger. Then began one of the most hazardous journeys ever undertaken by an ecclesiastic.

The cellarer of the monastery was sent to the German military commander at Namur to ask a passport for the abbot, who was preparing to flee to England by way of Holland. The passport was refused. It was Sunday, and after saying Mass, Abbot Marmion left the monastery quietly by auto, for the railway lines had been blown up, and made his way to Namur. He reached the city safely owing to his disguise, one of the most unique that a churchman could possibly think of: the Abbot of Maredsous fled to Namur disguised as a jockey!

It was a journey full of dangers. At every hundred or so yards he was challenged by a German sentry, and when he reached Namur he heard the news that one of his monks, Père Bernard, had been shot by the Germans. He was given no details; Père Bernard had been shot, that is all that was known.

After a great deal of difficulty the pseudo-jockey and a friend obtained a pass to Liège. This time Abbot Marmion changed his disguise and continued his flight as a Dutch professor, making the journey in his friend's car. Something of the courage of heroic Belgium went with the abbot. In his pocket he carried letters from his friends which he had promised to mail for them whenever it was possible to do so: also he carried letters which German soldiers had begged him to mail for them. His friend was a professor at Louvain, who had come to Belgium to investigate some of the cases of atrocities, and with him he had a note-book in which his carefully-gathered evidence was stored.

When the two refugees reached Liège they called at the house of a priest to whom they were both known. Then they applied for a pass to Maastricht, a town on the Dutch frontier, where they knew they would be safe. But they met with disappointment, for the pass to Maastricht was refused, and they were instead given permission to proceed to Aix-la-Chapelle, on the German frontier. The outlook was not cheering; they were merely permitted to leave an invaded country for the country of the enemy. But even that chance was welcome after their recent experiences.

Their troubles were not over, however. They had not gone very far from Liège when they were stopped by a German officer who, seating himself in the car, demanded to see their papers, and indicated by his manner that something was wrong. There was nothing wrong with their papers, but the officer suddenly demanded to know what they had been doing in the house of their friend the curé, and what they had said to him and he to them.

Apparently their explanation did not satisfy the officer and he ordered a thorough examination of the car, their baggage, and their clothes. It was a serious situation, for in his pocket the Abbot of Maredsous had letters from his Belgian friends, letters written in French, and letters written in French were just then contraband, and somewhat damning evidence. There was, also, the pocketbook with the carefully collected figures and data regarding the invaders' excursion into Belgium. And the discovery of these articles would have meant the summary execution by shooting of the abbot and his companion.

Abbot Marmion and his companion were certain that their last moment had come, and they were ready to meet death. As the examination proceeded the discovery of the fateful letters and the pocketbook came nearer. So they commanded themselves to the mercy of God and waited for the end. Then a sudden inspiration came to the mind of the abbot's companion

and he made a last and desperate throw for both their lives. From his pocket he pulled the sheaf of letters written by German soldiers and, brave man that he was, he laughed loud and long. "What further proof of friendliness," he said to the officer, "could you desire than the confidence of your own soldiers, who have trusted me enough to give me their own letters to mail?"

The stratagem was successful and the search was stopped at once, and the two refugees were allowed to proceed on their journey, having escaped from out the very jaws of death. On their way to Aix they came to a place where the road divided; one path led to Maastricht, the town they wished to reach; the other led to Aix, where their passports would take them. They took a sporting chance and led the car for Maastricht, and again placed themselves in the hands of God. It was a dangerous chance to take, for the bridge over the Meuse was guarded by sentries, who would demand their passports. But the Providence that had watched over them so far had not forsaken them. The bridge that led to Dutch territory and to safety was at that moment unguarded. The car was put ahead at top speed and the refugees put all the miles they could between themselves and the frontier. They reached Flushing in safety and crossed to England.

There are, it has been said before, no monks at Maredsous, save a few Brothers who were left in charge of the abbey in the heart of the war-zone of stricken and devastated Belgium. And they may be forgiven if, in circumstances such as those outlined at the beginning of this article, they overlooked some of the finer points of the Roman Pontifical. They may even have had the sense of justice to remember that, after all, the manner in which a secular prince conducts himself in the presence of a simple Christian gentleman has a definite bearing as to the manner in which a Christian gentleman conducts himself in the presence of a secular prince. His Imperial Majesty, the dispatch relates, seemed very depressed, and the dispatch may be believed.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

Full National Freedom for Ireland

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The *Observer* of April 15 contains two interesting statements. The first refers to the communication made by the Allied Governments to the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, part of which runs thus: "The Allies see in Russia's decision the triumph of the principles of liberty, which are those of modern States, and are the strength of the nations of the Allies in the struggle which they are carrying on against the Germanic coalition. In addressing to the Provisional Government their hearty congratulations, the Allies desire to declare before public opinion and before the whole Polish people that they feel themselves at one with Russia in the idea of calling Poland once more into being as an integral whole." The second relates the formation at Warsaw of the nucleus of a Polish army. A telegram from the German Emperor "expressed the hope that a Polish army would soon be raised to collaborate energetically for the weal of its Fatherland." A message from the Emperor Charles was also read exhorting the Poles to show themselves worthy of the present decisive times and win new laurels for the glorious Polish eagle. General von Beseler then read an army order saying, among other things: "Polish comrades, I reckon on your obedience and discipline."

Which of these two examples will finally represent the action of England towards Ireland? In one we see the proclamation of faith in the full national freedom of a country as the first

security of alliance and friendship. In the other we recognize the imperial claim to raise a force destined for the defense of the Empire by appealing to national aspirations, with a promise of an undefined freedom at some future time. The phrases addressed to the Poles by the two Emperors have a remarkable likeness to those which imperialists have addressed to Ireland concerning the glory of its soldiers and the weal of their Fatherland.

A letter in the *Times* of April 17 declares that "the Central Powers have not succeeded in raising any new military force in Poland." The army addressed by the General consisted of a Legion recruited for the Austrian army at the beginning of the war, which was brought to Warsaw and given a new name. The Irish, like the Poles, may reasonably prefer the doctrine of the Allies to the policy of the Kaiser. No Englishman can consistently claim a right to blame their decision.

London.

ALICE STOPFORD GREEN.

Julianne's Anniversary

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Lest we forget, it is the second anniversary of Julianne's graduation from her fashionable convent school, and nearly a year has elapsed since the writer called attention to the failure, either of Julianne herself, or her teachers, to prepare her to take her place in life as an educated, self-sacrificing, Catholic woman, able and willing to do something "for God, for humanity, for the Church and for self."

When my original onslaught upon the fair Julianne and her cloistered and saintly instructors was published in these columns, the sagacious editors of AMERICA cautioned me to take to a cyclone-cellular without delay. Since then there have been times when I felt the far-reaching vision of the aforesaid editors. Lordly Abbots and Lady Abbesses, as well as lesser luminaries in the ecclesiastical orbit, have called me out of my name more times than I comfortably care to reflect upon. Even now, as I journey back and forth through the country, it is as much as my life is worth to visit certain institutions devoted to the inculcation of female piety and learning.

But after all, the game has really been worth the candle, and graduation invitations and prospectuses that are beginning to roll in upon me are encouraging beyond one's fondest dreams. Let me instance one: The Seton Hill Schools, at Greensburg, Pennsylvania, in charge of the Sisters of Charity, have throughout the entire year manifested an extraordinary interest in every form of social service work, both for their undergraduates, and their alumnae. For the coming year they are adding to their regular course a chair of social service work, in charge of a cultured Catholic woman who is familiar with every phase of it, who has had experience in it, and who holds degrees from famous intellectual institutions that guarantee her to be no mere amateur. And the most refreshing part of it all is that these very Seton Hill graduates are the most enthusiastic workers in social service, once they become introduced to its genuine pleasures and its untold possibilities. Mother Seton was a pioneer, and her daughters at Seton Hill, Greensburg, are following closely in her footsteps. Congratulations.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D.

The Break in Christian Civilization

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for April 7 there appeared an article entitled "The Break in Christian Civilization," by Moorhouse I. X. Millar, in which there is the statement: "Archbishop Winchelsea with a Papal Bull in his hand had wrung from Edward I of England the concession that henceforth there was

to be 'No taxation without representation.'" I have been unable to locate any account of this fact in the "Catholic Encyclopædia" and I would appreciate your kindness or that of the author in referring me to an authoritative account of the transaction.

Brooklyn.

JOHN H. DONLON.

[With regard to Mr. Donlon's request for references in confirmation of my statement that "Archbishop Winchelsea with a Papal Bull in his hand had wrung from Edward I of England the concession that henceforth there was to be 'no taxation without representation'" I submit the following from "Essays Introductory to the Study of English Constitutional History," by Resident Members of the University of Oxford, edited by H. O. Wakeman and A. Hassall. The object of the book, as we are told in the preface, is to set forth "the well-ascertained facts connected with the growth of our institutions." The proofs, moreover, were looked over by Dr. Stubbs, the great constitutional historian. As the assumption is still prevalent that constitutional government and modern liberties, despite the Protestantizing autocracy of Tudor and Stuart rulers, owe their origin, in some mysterious way, to Protestantism, I will quote the passage in full with the addition of a few pertinent comments:

In the great constitutional struggle against Edward I, which resulted in the confirmation of the charters, and the acknowledgment by the king of the principle that taxation without the consent of Parliament was illegal, the Church, under Archbishop Winchelsea, played no small part. It was the opposition of the clergy to the taxation levied by Edward that stirred the opposition of the baronage. It was the combined action of the two estates that forced the king to yield. The motives of the spirituality were, it is true, by no means wholly patriotic. [The writer here is reading history backwards.] By the Bull "*Clericis laicos*," Boniface VIII had asserted the principles of clerical pretension and caste exclusiveness in their worst forms, by denying the right of the temporal power to tax the clergy at all; [For a correct estimate of this bit of Protestantism cf. Hergenröther, "Church and State," vol. 2, p. 98, English translation, edited 1876.] and the Bishops in supporting him pressed their spiritual allegiance to the Pope further than their duty to their country could possibly warrant. Nevertheless, directly opposition to the royal demands was begun, the clergy found sympathizers with their actions if not with their motives [Cf. "Catholic Encyclopedia," "*Clericis laicos*" and "England."] from among the baronage, and the question was at once raised to a higher platform, and fought out and decided on the higher ground of constitutional principle, instead of the lower one of clerical privilege. [The writer leaves out of account here the fact that Christendom was then a living reality.] By the institution of Parliament Edward I gave the answer to the great question how it was possible to combine national institutions with monarchical government, and the Church received the reward of her patriotism by the full recognition of the spirituality as an estate of the realm. The power which had taken the lead in the gaining of liberty under John, had done so much to consolidate liberty under Henry III, was under Edward I to form an integral and important part of the institution of Parliament, by which liberty was to be finally guaranteed and developed [Essay VI, "The Influence of the Church on the Development of the State," p. 300].

In conclusion I might add that Lingard deals rather cursorily with this whole question, but, as we learn from his letters, he purposely softened down many points from a fear lest he might antagonize prejudiced minds. (Cf. "Life and Letters of John Lingard," pp. 195-249, by Martin Haile and Edwin Bonney; B. Herder.)]

Woodstock, Md.

MOORHOUSE I. X. MILLAR, S.J.

Cannibalism Among Snakes

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In reading Dr. Muttkowski's interesting article on "Maternal Instincts," which appeared in your issue of April 28, my atten-

tion was arrested by the following statement: "Cannibalism is widespread in the animal world, and the male, be he mammal, bird, snake, fish or insect, will only too frequently make a luscious meal of his offspring. So the female watches her mate just as diligently as she must watch a foreign foe. Indeed, this probably explains why so many animals will not tolerate their mates after the nuptials."

I do not know whether the inclusion of snakes under this general law is due to Dr. Muttkowski's possession of facts which have hitherto escaped most herpetologists, or whether it is simply an instance of one of those slight errors of hasty inference from which even great scientists are not always free. But, whatever its reason, I must record a modest doubt about the accuracy of the statement as applied to the ophidian order. I cannot find, either in the best authors obtainable or in the range of my own observation, any evidence whatever tending to show that the male snake ever molests either the eggs or the young of the female of his kind, or that the latter ever repels him from her society.

Permit me to adduce a few facts in support of this opinion, gleaned from a rather considerable experience in the capture and observation of living snakes. My experience, it is true, is limited to twenty-one species taken from Baltimore and St. Mary's counties, Maryland; but since this number includes two sub-orders and twelve genera, it may fairly represent the habits of the snake as an order.

First, my records show three instances of female snakes, the common garter snake, hog-nosed snake and milk snake, respectively, kept in captivity together with mates which they had accepted, in two cases subsequent to capture, and in one case previously. None of the females in question ever manifested the slightest hostility towards the male at any time after fecundation.

Secondly, I have reason to believe that the association of the male and the female terminates in the natural course within a couple of weeks after the fecundation of the eggs, even in the absence of hostility on the female's part. In the records of nearly a hundred captures I have only four instances of a pair of snakes being found near together, and all of these are marked by early dates. Two of these relate to oviparous species, namely, a pair of black racers found on May 7, and a pair of hog-nosed snakes on April 23. The eggs of these species would be deposited late in June, and would not hatch before about the middle of August. The other two instances alluded to concern an ovoviviparous species, the common water snake; and the dates on which the pairs were seen were May 4 and May 21. In these two cases the living young would be brought forth in August or early September. In no case, therefore, have I ever observed the male snake in the vicinity of the female within ten weeks before the time for hatching or for bearing the offspring.

Thirdly, the female snake already pregnant may be found alone at a rather early date. From a number of females captured under such circumstances I adduce a few dates of a representative range: common garter snake caught May 7; hog-nose, May 11; red milk snake, May 28; copperhead, June 20; copper-bellied water snake, July 2; common water snake, July 5; keeled green snake, July 5; worm snake (*virginia valeriae*), July 8. Of course in these cases, as well as in others not mentioned here, it could not be said with certainty that the male was nowhere in the vicinity of the female; but the fact that his presence was not evident, in contrast with the instances to the contrary already mentioned, makes it at least probable that the couple had parted company before the dates given in each instance. This receives additional confirmation in the light of a fact which I have often observed, that the female snake is usually the more timid and secretive, and therefore less likely to be in evidence than the male.

Fourthly, the food of most species of North American snakes is now well known, and statistics reveal the interesting fact that the greater number of these species are not at all addicted to "cannibalism." Thus, in the twenty-one species which I have had opportunity to observe only eight are certainly consumers of other snakes of any species, and only two others are even doubtfully so.

And, finally, the comparative scarcity of snakes, the small number of the offspring of most species, the multitude of their natural enemies of other orders, and the considerable economic value of about one-third of our known species, all tend to establish an *a priori* argument to the effect that nature, which "does nothing in vain," and ever tends to preserve the balance of her own marvelous harmony, would scarcely raise up an additional menace to the life of the young snake in the person of its male parent. It is just here that comparison with insect-life, for obvious reasons, must fail.

While, therefore, I am far from contesting the principle which Dr. Muttkowski so well states for the animal kingdom in general, I cannot but think, in the absence of positive evidence, that its application to the serpent order is unfounded.

Woodstock, Md.

W. H. McCLELLAN, S. J.

"Let Them Get Acquainted"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am glad to see the topic, "Let Them Get Acquainted," come up for discussion. It is a matter in which I have been directly interested, and I hope it will be threshed out fully in the pages of AMERICA. The subject is a vital one, but its significance is much broader than indicated by Mr. Spearman in the original article in the *Ave Maria* and in your editorial comments, for the problem of getting acquainted exists not only in the colleges but also at home in the parishes.

Many priests seem content with helping their parishioners to become good individual Catholics, while as a matter of fact, this task is only the beginning of their obligations. In the parish the family is the unit, and all problems center around it. If the family continues, the parish continues, and it is the priest's business to see that it continues, as a Catholic family. The pastor should encourage the young's companionship, courtship and eventual marriage; if he does so, he will not have to complain of "old maids, of mixed marriages, and of stagnation." Let us come to the root of the trouble and face conditions as they are. Fact one: there are altogether too many unmarried women in many parishes; fact two: young men marry out of the parish; fact three: there is an astonishing number of mixed marriages; and fact four: some parishes are dying out or becoming stagnant. In one parish I have in mind in a northern city the conditions just outlined are a byword. "More devotions, more old maids, and more mixed marriages than any other parish in the city," they say of this parish, and the situation is approaching a scandal. Yet the pastor maintains a rigid attitude and will not countenance a healthy association of the young folk.

Several years ago in a discussion of the social evil with a number of physicians a prominent surgeon remarked: "Children go wrong because their parents and priests are short-sighted. Ministers of religion can write clever sermons advising people to be good, but when it comes to the practical problems of living and loving they are rigorous incompetents and do untold damage by their unbending views. Youth must play, has a right to play. And the tendency is that if youth cannot play licitly, it will seek illicit diversion. There is the solution: watch the play of the children, and provide opportunity for play. Given decent play, decent courtship and marriage will follow. All fulminations anent the social evil are unavailing, if preventive work does not

supplement the corrective work. Fewer sermons explaining goodness, more practical work making it possible, that is what we need." These words apply to the problem of the parish. The criticism is severe, and to be fair I must say that priests are not always aware of the complaints. Why not? The ordinary man, thank God, has such reverence for the priesthood that he dares not object, or even insinuate that his priest may be wrong. But the failure to realize the trouble on the part of priests perpetuates it and does not remedy it. And a remedy is what we want.

You have offered the solution, "Let Them Get Acquainted." But to be effective, acquaintance should be based on mutual respect. And right here we touch a central difficulty. For in our Catholic colleges, one and all, and also in our parochial schools our boys and girls are not taught effectively respect and appreciation for young people of the other sex. The impression is fostered that girls are silly, weak, illogical. Conversely, as a convent girl put it, "We understood perfectly well that a male is something awful, with horns." As for association of boys with girls, Heaven forfend! Girls are good enough to amuse, they may be flattered, petted, tolerated, they may do for a momentary diversion, but they should certainly not be considered competent when it came to serious matters! Yet the same colleges and schools teach veneration for motherhood; they extol the influence, understanding, love, and virtue of the mother. Why then the disparagement of those future mothers, girls in their teens? And pray, whence the miraculous change from the "silly fool of a girl" into a "maternal fount of wisdom and virtue?" Ridicule for the girl, reverence for the mother—is this temporal distinction valid and logical? Yet this decidedly illogical attitude is deliberately fostered by our Catholic institutions. We would set an example to non-Catholics and we permit our own to drift away. We would convert the heathen, whereas conversion is imperative in our very midst. Strike at the core if you would remove the sore. By all means "Let Them Get Acquainted," but let this acquaintance be grounded on mutual respect, otherwise the results will be subversive of our aim.

As an example of what can be done let me refer to the work at the University of Wisconsin. Rev. H. C. Hengell, chaplain of St. Paul's University Chapel, does everything possible to promote the acquaintance of Catholic students. With his aid the Catholic Students' Association arranges semi-monthly Sunday evening socials, besides picnics, lectures, dances, and other recreations at which the students may become acquainted. Father Hengell very sensibly insists that the students attend. "Come to the socials. Meet the boys, meet the girls," he says. In fact he goes further and in humorous words, but with serious intent, he exhorts: "Attend and enjoy yourselves. Boys and Girls, come and meet each other. Let the girls select the boys they like, let the boys select the girls they like. Get acquainted, and then engaged, and do not wait too long to get married. I guarantee satisfaction, for I know of no finer lot of men and women than our Catholic students. Come, make your choice, and be satisfied!"

This is direct, but it is efficient. For an attendance of fifty is regarded as a minimal crowd, and 150 to 200 approximates nearly the usual number present at the socials. Incidentally the number of engagements of Catholic students thus initiated is inspiring: Friends too are made for Catholicism, for students of other creeds come frequently, and the number of converts is on the increase.

No doubt, chaplains at other State universities pursue a similar course with like results, but who will move our pastors to action? Devotions are excellent, but they are not all. The ladies remain unmarried, the men continue to seek wives among Protestants, and the parish goes to pieces slowly but surely.

Columbia, Mo.

R. A. MUTTKOWSKI.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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The Heart of the Country

HERE were some who doubted, and others, but only a few, thank God, who gloated. The day of registration, they said, with disloyal exultation, would show what the country thinks of this war. Unacquainted with the spirit of democracy, which moves slowly but surely in the ways of justice, the gloaters thought that ranks of peaceful citizens could be transformed into efficient battalions of war, only by the scourge and the mailed fist of despotism. Today there are no doubters, and the gloaters stand convicted of accuracy in their contention, that the fifth day of June would manifest the country's attitude towards the war. It has done this unmistakably; it has proved that the American people, fully realizing the tremendous responsibilities entailed, are one with the Government in its solemn determination to push the conflict for liberty to a victorious close. "These solid lines of young men going to the places of registration throughout the country," said President Wilson in his address to the Confederate veterans, "shall be a signal to the world that all of America's manhood will serve, and that he who challenges the integrity of the United States, challenges their united strength."

There comes a time when it is good for a nation to realize that she must sacrifice. We have prospered and accumulated great wealth. We have come to war. We lay all of our wealth and spend our blood to show that it has been accumulated for the service of mankind. These too are the days of rejoicing, because we see at last why this great nation was kept undivided, and we see the purpose that we were meant to serve. We are to be an instrument in the hands of God to see that Liberty is made secure for all mankind.

Under the inspiration of these noble ideals, the American people have aligned themselves with the President. Au-

thority has spoken, and the American people, forgetting the wild cries of disorderly elements too long tolerated, have returned to their pristine spirit of willing obedience to rightful authority. "We will give all that we have to the Government," wrote the Reverend F. X. McMenamy, S.J., in offering the hospital and the extensive laboratory facilities of Creighton University to Washington. That sentiment today expresses the heart of the country.

The Fall of "Free Speech"

A BAND of men and women in New York, with base imitators throughout the country, are considerably puzzled at the turn of events since the outbreak of the war. There is indeed reason for the bewilderment. Before the war, a soap-box orator might go to almost any length of intemperance, and, in the language of the police, "get away with it." Today he is hardly allowed to begin. To appear in Union Square with a soap-box and the air of one having a "message" is as safe as it would be to enter those sacred precincts attired in the uniform of the Kaiser's favorite bodyguard. The soap-box person is an alien, a suspect, a joy to the secret service and a prey for all minions of the law. Under this intensive espionage, he is rapidly taking his place with the four-toed horse and the dodo.

Few will regret his passing. Many will wonder why he was not long ago suppressed. To allow an irresponsible crank with a ready flow of language, to advise a crowd of oppressed workers to "blow up the L," or to flout the conscription law is really not conducive either to the establishment of social justice, or to the general welfare of the community. The bitter attacks on the American Government, protected by a short-sighted, criminal tolerance during the last few years, are beginning to bear their natural fruit—treason. Perhaps the exigencies of war may teach us, among other things, that free speech, a precious right in a republic, was never intended to serve as a stimulus to disorder or as a shield for law-breakers. The lesson may cost much, but it will be worth the price we pay.

It would seem that we are beginning to learn. Only a few months ago, even the most disgraceful of these violations of public decorum, were reported by various New York journals of lofty pretensions but small intelligence, as evidence of "the awakening of a higher social consciousness." Today these journals jeer at what they once encouraged, while the formerly quiescent police have adopted a new policy. The "uplifter" is no longer allowed to insult the courts, to defy the public authority, and thereafter be dismissed with a fine, paid at once by some crack-brained admirer. In place of these theatricals, the "uplifter," of whatever degree, is quietly interred in a deep, dark cell, where he will be allowed ample time to reflect on the maxim, that once set in motion, the mills of the law may grind exceeding fine.

The new plan is achieving admirable results. It is a

further point of interest to note the identification of a certain aggressive group of birth-controllers with the opponents of the Government's war policy. But today, in the presence of the police, accompanied by stenographers in sufficient number, the once blatant Emma Goldmann-Alexander Berkman-Abraham Shipacoff combination is reduced to unbroken silence. In one respect, however, the combination remains unchanged. Even though the meeting has been as placid as a Quaker convocation, the "uplifters" invariably conclude by taking up a collection.

Coming "To Their Own Again"

DR. ARTHUR ANDERSON MARTIN, a Protestant physician from New Zealand who joined the first British Expeditionary Force, tells in his interesting war-book, entitled "A Surgeon in Khaki," how the Sisters of France have "come to their own again," and pays the following enthusiastic tribute to their efficiency and devotion:

The nuns at this hospital [Bethune] were simply splendid all through, and I can quite understand how the religious Sisters have come to their own again in France. From the earliest times and up till about eight years ago all the nursing in the French hospitals was done by Sisters belonging to the various Religious Orders. Then came one of the big political upheavals for which France has been so noted in the past, and the nursing Sisters gradually disappeared from the hospitals, owing to the hostility of the State to the Church and all connected with it. The nursing Sisters of these Orders were at the time of this change well-trained medical and surgical nurses. As they were no longer able to exercise their professional skill, and no more of the younger nuns were trained in nursing, it followed that on the outbreak of war only the older nuns were capable of undertaking skilled nursing in the many hospitals. The demand for nurses was a clamant one, for from the very beginning of the war there were large casualties. It was said that the nursing by the lay sisters who succeeded the religious Sisters was not of such a high order as in the old days owing to the absence of the strict and rigid discipline, the very fiber of the life of a Sister in religion. I have heard this both from French surgeons and from visiting British surgeons. . . . It was at this critical phase that the Franciscan Sisters, and the Sisters of other Religious Orders, quietly took their places beside the wounded French soldiers. Just as quietly they opened up their convents, churches, and buildings, warehouses, chateaux, cottages, railway waiting-rooms, and turned them into hospitals for the wounded and sick men. Working tirelessly night and day, knowing no fatigue and shrinking from no task or danger, and glorying in their mission, they performed marvels. The younger Sisters were put to subordinate nursing duties, and so rigorously trained by the elder ones in the principles of nursing. . . . I do not think that any future government of France will ever dare to oust the religious Sisters from the hospitals. These quiet-voiced, simple-robed women, carrying help and compassionate pity in the welter of blood and slaughter, have come "to their own" again.

The "lay sisters" Dr. Martin speaks of were the secular nurses, it should be explained, who took the place of the banished religious, but whose professional skill was not found to be of such a "high order" as was that of the Sisters they supplanted. To the thoughtful Cath-

olic, however, there is nothing particularly remarkable in the spectacle that so impressed the "Surgeon in Khaki." For those noble French Sisters are simply doing now what the Church has been doing all through her history. The gift of irresistible energy and resourcefulness is hers, and nothing can keep her from exercising the Divine mission of teaching, healing and reconciling. If the Church's enemies refuse to let her undertake this work or that, she will meekly turn to another. If she is driven out of a country, she stands just beyond the frontier, and seizes the first opportunity to return and minister to the dire needs of those who banished her. If the Church is not allowed to teach, she will nurse the sick. If she is not permitted to preach to Catholics, she goes forth to evangelize the heathen. The Catholic Church is the only institution in the world that can always afford to bide her time and be patient, for against her, according to the Divine promise, the gates of hell shall not prevail. Not only in France but everywhere else as well, the Church will "come into her own" at last.

The Myth of the Free Press

AN alleged company for the manufacture of automobiles has finally been caught in the toils of the law. The crew of financial pirates in charge of this rakish craft will soon, it is hoped, exchange their quarters for the quiet precincts of some Federal penitentiary. But the real promoters will go scot free. In fact, they will profit by their connection with these freebooters. They are the newspapers which, for a share of the booty, gladly opened their pages to advertise what they must have known to be a plain swindle. In other words, these "guardians of public morality" deliberately formed a partnership with a company of thieves.

The terms may seem harsh, but they are literally true. Without the aid of the newspaper, the financial pirate might unfurl a flag, but he could hardly scuttle a ship. The newspaper is his indispensable ally. It gives an air of respectability to schemes which are lower than highway robbery or housebreaking. It trades on the propensity of thousands to take as true whatever they see in print. It reduces to a system the playful, if inelegant, dictum of Barnum that "A sucker is born every minute," by teaching the thief how he can take advantage of the victim, and find temporary refuge in the dubious respectability of its columns. The editorial page of such publications frequently outdoes the best efforts of the lamented Pecksniff in unctuous piety, but the advertising department is conducted by hypocrites of another variety. These gentry are pastmasters in the art of gracefully inverting a reader for the purpose of emptying his pockets, and in the allied art of first applying a blackjack in case of objection.

Today there are few things, it would seem, that dozens of newspapers, commonly accepted as reputable, will not do for money. In New York the courts have recently

sustained the Commissioner of Licenses in his ruling against a malodorous film. It has been instructive to note how the various city and dramatic editors rushed to the defense of the offending film company: a complete course in "How to Conduct a Modern Newspaper" could be had by observing that the heartiness of the attack was in direct proportion to the amount of advertising placed by the film manufacturers. Reedy was right. We have no free press in this country, but we have something that the newspapers like better. It is the myth of the free press. A myth imposes no obligations, and may confer a certain distinction. As long as the receipts in the advertising department are untouched, the press will continue to cherish the myth.

The Banning of Starch

NONE of the decrees issued by the British Food Controller is likely to have more revolutionary effects than his edict forbidding the manufacture from cereals of starch for laundry work. For today are not the usages and customs of polite society based to a large extent on starch? But if the stiff dress-collar, with all its adjuncts, modifiers, concomitants and consequences must go, the changes that may ensue in the field of ethics, economics and literature are sure to be called "epoch-making" indeed. For now that the starching of collars, cuffs and shirts has been declared a felony, tall hats and long coats will doubtless "go out," too, and what is "fashionable" in gentlemen's neckwear and jewelry will be radically altered. After the disappearance of the comfortless collar, the cuirass-like shirt and the sheathing cuff, softer fabrics and brighter hues may come into vogue and men will be as gaily clad as when knighthood was in flower.

The revolution in dress may be accompanied by as radical a change in manners. Whatever laws of etiquette have starch as their foundation may grow obsolete, social intercourse will perhaps be marked by more simplicity and less pretense than now, and conversation, being freed from that stiffness and formality which the highly starched are prone to affect, will be easier and pleasanter.

With the passing of starch from dress, perhaps no further traces of it will be found in our literature, either. An artificial, bookish and pedantic style of writing will be as unpopular as stiff cuffs, readers will insist that the characters in their novels must behave like human beings and talk as naturally. Just what sort of verse the starchless poet of tomorrow will write, no one can predict, though it cannot well be freer than that we have today. Be that as it may, let us hope that the edict which banishes starch from the laundry to the kitchen, or from clothes to character, so to speak, will result in a thorough stiffening of the moral fiber, of the courage and endurance of all, both in this country and in Europe, who are fighting to make the world "safe for democracy."

The Film Fraud

LAST year a young woman, about to appear in the films, adopted the not unusual expedient of employing a press-agent. The lady claimed to be a Catholic and spoke with soulful emotion of her hallowed days at the convent school. These two items were sufficient. Lighting another cigar, the press-agent penned an idyllic story of life in a convent and of the young lady's part in it. Her whole purpose in life, he represented the actress as saying between her sobs, drew its inspiration from cloistered shades. Never had she forgotten the lessons of those early days. Her ambition was not to make money, far from it, nor even to further the cause of art. She would be happy could she only know that, in her humble way, her efforts would bring before the world the sweet and ennobling message of the Catholic Church. Only when all this "stuff" was mimeographed and sent to a number of clergymen, did the press-agent push his hat back on his head and sigh a deep sigh of contentment over work well done.

At the latest accounts, this soulful young woman was sharing with the world the sweet and ennobling message of the Catholic Church by appearing in films which invariably engage the attention of the police and others interested in the suppression of vice.

The lesson is fairly clear. The individual, whether actress or politician, who uses religion as an advertisement is a plain fraud. As a corollary, it may be added that the Catholic school would do well to return a negative to its children who ask the benediction of their Alma Mater upon their histrionic efforts, and to invoke the law when this benediction is assumed, ungiven. Mary Andersons are few today.

The New Prison Reform

AHARD head and a soft heart make an excellent combination. But when the first ingredient is also soft, look out for disaster. Especially, if you are an "uplifter," or a prison reformer.

No one seems to know the precise cause, or causes, of the recent riot at the Joliet penitentiary. Joliet was "a model institution." It had an honor farm, and, within walls, a well-developed honor system. It has also had a rebellion. The results, half a dozen dead and wounded guards and convicts, are plain enough for even a reformer to see.

Sing Sing and Joliet are not strong arguments for the new penology. The extent of maudlin sentimentality at Joliet is clear from letters regularly written to the convicts by a band of women styling themselves "The Oriental Esoteric League." Some of these foolish women have learned what blackmail is. Others, possibly, may soon be subjected to the inquisition of the Federal mail authorities.

Modesty may be only a taboo, but it is something that even prison reformers may well retain.

Literature

THE ONE INGREDIENT: THE STORY

JAMES B. CONNOLLY

TO begin with Homer: Homer's books are made up of stories: of the siege of Troy in one volume, of the wanderings of Ulysses in another. Blind Homer, with his dog on the end of a string, had every night of his life to beguile his bed and board from some innkeeper. Others were also tramping the dusty highways, and most of them with the same beguiling lever—the legends of the gods and near-gods; but Homer must have had a touch the others lacked, else seven cities later would not have been claiming him for their own.

Homer rolled out his hexameters to little groups in small villages; doubtless he strummed his lyre to the more impassioned periods. But as an increasing population developed larger communities, as larger bodies of people required entertainment, the wandering bards passed out of fashion; perhaps their ancient gift was lost. At any rate, the theater came into vogue. Once settled into their seats at a theater, people like to stay awhile; they have spent time and energy in getting there; they do not feel like hurrying away, and so the playwrights had to take Homer's or somebody's tale, pad the dialogue, give the actors a chance to strut, the chorus time to wail, and there you were—an afternoon gone. But always the story.

In Elizabethan days the lamenting choruses were long gone out of fashion, but people still liked to have things explained. They have seen and heard, and they understand, but they wish to be assured in set terms. So the Elizabethan playwrights gave them rounded periods of exposition, sonorous periods where-with the human voice might have play. But in giving them the periods they never forgot the story, taking it from Bandello or Boccaccio or wherever else they happened to find it. When Shakespeare threw his stories into play-form and swelled them out with large words, it was because he, like the others around him, was accepting conditions as he found them.

In speaking of Shakespeare we sometimes forget that he was the best story-teller of his day. It is always the story; and above all, the story of action. Action, action, always action. Shakespeare gave his audiences the rounded periods, but also he gave them action. In his 'prentice days he stuffed his plays with blood and thunder—the dawning story-teller's notion of action, which, his instinct told him, was the thing needed. When he had learned restraint and become the master-craftsman of his day, he still gave them action, but action that satisfied high intelligence.

And Homer the same. Homer never let his weary wanderer rest; poor Ulysses was forever ending one thing only to begin another, and Vergil imitated Homer. But take it long before Homer. The collections from Oriental days, the Arabian Nights, the Books of Buddha, are jammed with stories of people doing things. The Old Testament is replete with great stories of action. The New Testament is gemmed with stories; i.e., the parables of Christ. Dante planted moving stories all through the Divine Comedy. The best-read history of all times is probably Plutarch's Lives; and Plutarch's was the method of the born story-teller: salient characterization, compact description, swift narration, dialogue which revealed character.

When a widely read Frenchman wrote his best-known novel he did what Homer did in the *Odyssey*: he wrote a series of action-stories and glued them together with whatever compound would serve the purpose. When an Englishman wrote his chief novel he did what Homer and all the masters had done before him: he wrote a series of stories against an interesting background and charged them all to one character, his hero.

The laborious etching of infinite detail, the stipple work of the minute reporter, the painful studies of the morbid—that never lives past the generation of its birth. The sweep of big people with big ways is what lasts. Of camp or court or busy mart, of wide plains or rolling seas or wind-swept hills, of little towns or crowded alleys they may be; and what people you please—kings or paupers; but always they must have the sweeping stroke of men who not only think, but do.

Old Homer's villages could not read, nor before him could the campers around the desert fires; and so the telling of the story by word of mouth. Shakespeare's audiences could rarely read, and so the telling of the story by word of mouth and action of body. Homer talked to scores at a time; Shakespeare to hundreds. The story-teller of today, through the medium of print, may have his hundreds of thousands for a single recital.

The indispensable ingredient seems to be the story. And the man who held the attention of the desert tribes in ancient days is the same man the magazine editors are combing the country for with a fine-tooth comb today. The story is what the people want to hear—the lisping child pleads for it, the matured mind looks for it. The story is what the ages have always wanted. And, judging by the records, it is the short story; at least, the stories which have survived the ages are all short stories.

BOOK REVIEWS

A Surgeon in Khaki. By ARTHUR ANDERSON MARTIN, M.D., Ch.B., F.R.C.S. Ed. Popular Edition. With Illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00.

Maple Leaves in Flanders Fields. By HERBERT RAE. With an Introduction by Admiral Sir ALBERT MARKHAM, K.C.B. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.75.

The Land of Deepening Shadow. Germany at War. By D. THOMAS CURTIN. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.

The first of these war-books is an account of a New Zealand doctor's experiences and impressions while serving at the front two years ago. His sharp criticism of the lack of organization that characterized the British Red Cross department in those days should be of service to us now, and his description of a surgeon's duties and adventures is very interesting. "I have not met any one yet who liked the war, except artillery officers," he writes, for they now have countless opportunities, it seems, to bring real artistry to the practice of their profession. He calls Mgr. Bickerstaffe Drew "the bravest of the brave," and is enthusiastic in his admiration for "the Church that can produce such a man as Monsignor." The author bears the following testimony to the revival of religion in France:

One has only to be a little time with the French troops in the field to recognize and be impressed by their deep attachment to the Catholic Church. I visited many churches in France and Belgium during the earlier stages of the war, and at all hours, and have always found, sometimes few, sometimes many, Belgian and French soldiers on their knees and devoutly at prayer in the sacred buildings. Women, of course, were always to be seen there, but that was not surprising. It was surprising to see so many soldiers. The French soldier takes his religion seriously in these days, and is not ashamed, whenever the opportunity occurs, to enter a church and pray.

"Herbert Rae" is the pen-name of a soldier in the "Pompadours," one of the first Canadian regiments to reach the front. In a light-hearted, "American" way he describes the organization of the contingent at Valcartier, its training on Salisbury Plain and its service in Flanders, where three-fourths of the

Pompadours' officers and more than half their men were among the wounded, slain or missing. The author's experience is that "Shrines and crucifixes don't get hit."

Mr. Curtin is a young war-correspondent from this country who entered Germany soon after the present conflict began, and seems to have made good use of his eyes and his head. He sets down in a straightforward way his impressions and conclusions, refuses to believe everything he was asked to believe, and relates his experiences convincingly. The author gives examples of the songs of hate the children sing, and the sermons of hate the ministers preach, has an especially interesting chapter on the perfection of the German spy-system, tells how the "League of Truth" regards America, and gives some important facts about "Germany's Human Resources." Mr. Curtin concludes that a country "where force and only force is held to be the determinant internationally of mine and thine" is a perilous neighbor.

W. D.

A Memorial of Andrew J. Shipman: His Life and Writings. Edited by CONDÉ B. PALLEN, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Encyclopedia Press. \$2.00.

"This volume," says its foreword, "is for a testimonial of the high esteem and admiration in which the late Andrew J. Shipman was held by his friends. . . . It is also, in a measure, the perpetuation of some of his many achievements in numerous fields of activity, as well as an inadequate though affectionate tribute to his virtues as a citizen and a churchman." In the comparatively brief biography the memorial gives of this able lawyer, publicist, philanthropist and writer, and in the selection of thirty-two of his articles and speeches, this intention is concisely, tactfully and conclusively carried out. The readers of AMERICA were frequently instructed and entertained by his contributions on current topics, always authoritative and convincing. Some of them have been included in this collection, which, it is truly claimed, illustrates the depth of his learning, the breadth of his life-work and the clarity of his judgment in working out the details of his many activities. What he did to fix the status of the Catholics of the Eastern Rite in the United States alone would be a monument for any ordinary man, but it was only one of the numerous accomplishments that hard-working, conscientious and thorough effort placed to his credit. Those whose good fortune it was to be brought under the immediate charm of his personality, remembering now a character so faithful and modest, and so considerate and helpful, must lament how heavy a loss his all too early death has been to that lay apostolate so greatly needed in these times. The volume in which Dr. Pallen has gathered the proofs of Mr. Shipman's remarkable mental equipment and indefatigable industry should be an inspiration to many other Catholic laymen.

T. F. M.

Social Diagnosis. By MARY E. RICHMOND. New York: The Russell Sage Foundation. \$2.00.

An Introduction to Social Psychology. By CHARLES A. ELLWOOD, Ph. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

"Social Diagnosis" is another evidence of the trend towards the study of the individual, which is accomplishing valuable results in pedagogy and sociology. In practical social work as in the classroom, there is always a tendency to shirk the unpleasant task of examining minute details and adjusting differences, and to substitute for this intensive work, the easy-going methods which "lean too heavily on rules and formulae." Both rules and formulae may be quite correct, and both, in a given instance, thoroughly out of place. Their proper use depends altogether on the condition of the patient; and no diagnosis is anything but dangerous, if it is not the outcome of an intelligent study of the individual. "No matter how mean or hideous a

man's life is," writes Cooley, quoted by Miss Richmond, "the first thing is to understand him; to make out just how it is that our common human nature has come to work out this way." Miss Richmond's main object, it may be said, is to drive home this fundamental lesson. She does not omit careful instruction in methodology, but she knows well that plans, tables, and statistics are merely helps to the investigator, in his work of reconstructing "the broken career." Possibly the part of religion in this reconstruction is somewhat underestimated; on the whole, however, Miss Richmond's book is a contribution of real value to the literature of social work.

The same favorable judgment cannot be passed on Dr. Ellwood's study, based on the assumption that "It is impossible to regard human society as anything more than a development of animal association, just as it is impossible to regard man as anything else than a highly developed animal." This view of man is further stressed in the negative answer to the question: "Is cultural evolution due to the working of an absolutely new factor which we do not find in the animal world below man?" Proceeding from an assumption incapable of proof, it is not strange that Dr. Ellwood soon loses himself in a maze of metaphysical speculations. Insisting eloquently on society's need of religion, it is interesting to note that by "religion" he understands "a religion of humanity, which will make the service of man the highest expression of religion." The contrast between this new concept of religion, and religion which finds its highest expression in the service of God, could not be expressed more strongly.

P. L. B.

Hallow-e'en and Poems of the War. By W. M. LETTS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

Poems and Parodies. By THOMAS KETTLE. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.00.

A Celtic war-note is dominant in these two volumes of verse. W. M. Letts' stanzas on "The Spires of Oxford," quoted in our columns on its first appearance, is one of the best poems the present conflict has inspired. Somewhat similar in theme are the musical lines entitled "July, 1916," which end thus:

Here in happy England, the summer pours his treasure
Of grasses, of flowers before our heedless feet.
The swallow-haunted streams meander at their pleasure
Through loosestrife and rushes and plumèd meadow-sweet.
Yet how shall we forget them, the young men, the splendid,
Who left this golden heritage, who put the summer by,
Who kept for us our England inviolate, defended,
But by their passing made us December of July?

"*Ad Mortuum*" is the general title of a tender sonnet-sequence, "*Rosa Mystica*" and "*Our Lady of the Lupins*" are this High Anglican's tributes to the Blessed Virgin, the praises of "Tim," an Irish terrier, are pathetically sung in two poems, and here is "The Wish" of an Irish sweetheart:

O man of my heart, I have asked this of God,
A little white house that faces the sun
And yourself to be coming in from the fields
When the day's work is done.

I have told it to God, the wish of my soul,
The little white house at the butt of the hill,
With a handful of land and some grass where the goat
Could be eating her fill.

White walls and nasturtiums, the yellow and red
Climbing upwards to cling to the straw of the thatch,
And a speckled hen with a dozen fine eggs
That she's wishful to hatch.

The two of us there by the side of the hearth
And the dark lonely night creeping up to the door,
Your smile and your handclasp, oh! man of my heart,
I am asking no more.

Personal, Early Poems, Translations, Miscellaneous, Political, and War Poems are the captions under which are arranged the twenty-eight "Poems and Parodies" left by Thomas Kettle, the Irish leader who was slain in France last fall. The best of the "Poems" is his widely-quoted sonnet "To My Daughter Betty," and the following lines, "After Mr. Kipling," are from the author's best parody:

Yes! Sneerin' round at Irishmen, and Irish speech and ways
Is cheaper—much—than snatchin' guns from battle's red amaze:
And when the damned Death's-Head-Dragoons roll up the
ruddy tide
The *Times* won't spare a Smith to tell how Dan O'Connell died.
For it's Paddy this, and Paddy that, and "The Fifth'll prate
and prance!"
But it's "Corks and Inniskillings—Front!" when Hell is loose
in France,
When Clare and Kerry take the call that crowns and shrapnel
dance,
O' tis "Find the Dublin Fusiliers!" when Hell is loose in
France.

Recollections of a Rebel Reefer. By JAMES MORRIS MORGAN. With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.00.

Mr. Morgan has led a stirring and eventful life, which is reproduced with picturesque detail and all the charm of a breezy and unconventional style in the 480 pages of this autobiography. The author has seen life from many angles and under many skies. An officer in the Confederate navy on his resignation from the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis at the beginning of the Civil War, blockade-runner, river fighter on the Mississippi, lieutenant-colonel in the Khedive's army in Egypt, U. S. Consul-General at Melbourne: such have been some of the offices and duties which fell to his lot. In all of them he seems to have been keenly interested. He always writes with evident sincerity and without parade or self-consciousness and everywhere shows himself a true and gallant son of the old South for whose cause he fought when little more than a mere boy.

Mr. Morgan brings the reader to sea with him in the old Confederate sloops and cruisers, and we meet Warley and Semmes. He paints in dark colors the trials of the South in the troublous times of Reconstruction. The book has not the fine literary flavor of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," but the style has the smack of the sea in it now and then, yet makes no pretense to distinction or elegance of form. It runs smoothly and just a little saucily, like the Alabama scudding before the wind. The author's picturesque and energetic phrases remind one of the yarns which were "swapped" on deck between watches by the gallant tars of the Confederate ships. We are quite sure that boys and all those who love a story of adventure and daring, and like to get a glimpse into strange countries and meet the figures of the past, will be delighted by the life-story of this gallant and talkative but always interesting "Rebel Reefer."

J. C. R.

Standards. By W. C. BROWNELL. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

Mr. Brownell is happily conservative in his estimate of life, art and letters. He believes in standards that have been established not by mere feeling, fashion or caprice, but rather in standards that have been formed gradually and normally by the broad, intellectual experience of those who have learned best what a standard should be. Neither life, nor art, nor letters can be given any adequate evaluation by standards that are set up and knocked down easily. Life, art and letters must receive individual interpretation, it is true, but when the objective purpose of things is destroyed on the hearthstone of pure subjectivity, there results only a perversion which can be neither worthily defended nor rationally excused.

It is too bad that Mr. Brownell does not develop his theme with greater clearness. First, he does not start us with a good understanding of what a standard is. For a standard is a chosen exemplar supreme in its order. According as other objects or acts in the same order conform to the exemplar, they take on their degree of excellence. Now, obviously one should not expect these essays to be written after the manner of philosophical treatises. None the less, every serious essay should have its theme clearly stated, and developed with due logic and precision. This the author fails to do. Furthermore the style is unhappy. The author shows, at times, that he can write clearly; but he so often uses involved and disjointed sentences, that there is little pleasure in following his mazes, and less satisfaction. Sentences are the light, so to speak, that guide one to the idea. If the light be dim and uncertain, one goes with difficulty and easily loses one's direction.

F. J. McN.

The Former Philippines Through Foreign Eyes. By AUSTIN CRAIG. \$2.50; **Philippine Progress Prior to 1898.** By CONRADO BENITEZ and AUSTIN CRAIG. Manila: Philippine Education Co., Inc. \$1.25.

The purpose of these publications is indicated in the opening lines of the first volume's title page, "A source book of Philippine history to supply a fairer view of Filipino participation and supplement the defective Spanish accounts;" and the animus of the compiler, Mr. Austin Craig, appears in the first sentence of the preface to the second volume: "Among the many wrongs done the Filipinos by Spaniards, to be charged against their undeniably large debt to Spain, one of the greatest, if not the most frequently mentioned, was taking from them their good name." In other words, this faculty member of the University of the Philippines implies that Spanish historians could have been fairer in their treatment of the Filipino, that Spanish histories of the Philippines are defective, that Spain did many wrongs to the Filipinos and that Spain took from the Filipinos their good name. While these are all serious charges, only the last one will be examined here. In accusing the Spaniards, without offering a shred of evidence in support of the charge, of robbing the Filipinos of their good name, the author is himself robbing the Spaniards of their good name. He says: "Spanish writers have never been noted for modesty or historical accuracy . . . in order to fabricate a sufficient showing for over three centuries of pretended progress [they were] led to the practical denial of human attributes to the Filipinos found here by Legaspi."

While it would be a simple task to refute Mr. Craig from numerous reliable sources, it will be more entertaining to show from his own compilation that he is really the one who is robbing the Filipinos of their good name. Regarding Jagor, the first of the authorities Mr. Craig quotes, he speaks as follows: "Jagor's (book) is indispensable"; "the most valuable book"; "has never been surpassed"; "excels all its predecessors." Let us listen to Mr. Craig's recognized authority on the Philippines. In direct contradiction to the author's statement of "lamentable lack of progress since the first few decades," which the Spaniards explained "by attributing savagery to the people Legaspi found," Jagor tells us that:

The greater order which reigned in the Philippines after the advent of the Spaniards and still more the commerce they opened with America and indirectly with Europe had the effect of greatly increasing the Island trade (p. 13). The arbitrary rule of their [the Filipinos'] chiefs and the iron shackles of slavery were abolished by the Spaniards shortly after their arrival; and peace and security reigned in the place of war and rapine (p. 37). It would be difficult to find a colony in which the natives taken all in all feel more comfortable than in the Philippines though legally not on an equal footing with the latter [the Spaniards] they are by no means separated from them

by the high barriers with which, not to mention Java, the churlish reserve of the English has surrounded the natives of the other colonies (p. 34).

A series of short articles entitled "The Beginnings of Philippine Nationalism" (vol. I, p. 118) seems to have for its object to show that the friars were the enemies of the Filipino and that the native clergy were unjustly treated. Mr. Craig begins the first of these articles with the words "The third of a thousand years during which Spain misgoverned the archipelago that Magellan had discovered for her was a period of Philippine preparation." But here is what Craig's "indispensable" authority, Jagor, has to say about the Spanish clergy:

"The subjection (of the Philippines) was chiefly accomplished by the assistance of the friar Orders, whose missionaries were taught to employ extreme prudence and patience. The Philippines were thus won by a peaceful conquest" (p. 38). "The priests were the only protectors of the unfortunate Filipinos" (p. 117). "They [the friars] were most hospitable and kind to me" (p. 111). "The priests of the Philippines have often been reproached with gross immorality. . . . This may be true of the native padres; but I myself never saw in any of the households of the numerous Spanish priests I visited anything that could cause the least breath of scandal" (p. 114).

Of the Filipino priest Jagor says: "The average native priest, of those I saw, could hardly be called a credit to his profession. Generally ignorant, often dissipated and only superficially acquainted with his duties, the greater part of his time was given over to gambling, drinking and other objectionable amusements" (p. 123). And of the Filipino people the "most valuable book" of Jagor says: "The inhabitants of the Philippines have a great love for strong drink; even the young girls occasionally get intoxicated" (p. 100).

Parallel with this indictment let us quote from De Comyn, the Spanish writer whose article on "The State of the Philippines in 1810," Craig republishes. "The native of the Philippine Islands is by nature so sober that the spectacle of a drunken man is seldom noticed in the streets; in the capital where the most corrupt classes of them reside, it is admirable to see the general abstinence from a vice that degrades the human species" (p. 400). But De Comyn is a Spaniard and according to Craig "Spanish writers have never been noted for modesty or historical accuracy."

Who is it, then, that is "taking from the Filipinos their good name?" The Spaniard who praises their sobriety, or the American Professor at the University of the Philippines who has resurrected the dead work of the German maligner of the Filipino? It may be remarked in conclusion that Mr. Craig's obscure, laboring and ambiguous phraseology stands out in marked contrast to the clear, well-written, scholarly article of his Filipino colleague, Professor Conrado Benitez.

P. M. F.

Reveries of a Schoolmaster. By FRANCIS B. PEARSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

The seasoned reviewer is always slow to align his judgment with that of publishers in the laudatory estimates of their wares: experience has taught him to be cautious. But here he is glad to agree with Charles Scribner's Sons when they say that these "reveries" disclose a charming personality, and that "they abound with keen common-sense, good-humor, and homely art." The essays do not, as the title of the book might lead one to believe, constitute a series of reflections dealing wholly with theories and methods of education. Of theory there is little or nothing, and of methods nothing that is formal and of the carefully chiseled sort. Rather you meet with a novel, homely, genial and refreshing presentation of the truths underlying the time-honored ways of successful teaching; and—thank good-

ness!—you are not told to a nicety just what manner of brain-waves is set in motion by this or that subject of the curriculum.

The titles of the essays are as original as those in Thring's "Theory and Practice of Teaching," and the essays themselves do not fall short of their titles in suggestiveness. If you would be convinced that knowledge is power, you must by all means read the essay on "Forefingers." You could hardly imagine how anyone could prove his point by an appeal to his left forefinger or his experience with a barber, but the author does succeed in doing so. If you would learn some of the things you should not do, supposing you are anxious to insure discipline, then you cannot leave unread the chapter on "Rabbit Pedagogy"; there you will find one kind of suggestion you must avoid as you would fire. Brer Fox's experience with Brer Rabbit is cleverly introduced to illustrate the advice. You will undoubtedly be the wiser for having read and pondered over the author's commentary on Van Dyke's four rules on the art of living. After reading about the writer's boyhood friend, "Sant," your mind will wonder back into the past to discover how many Sants you were fortunate enough to count among your friends. The essays entitled "Lanterns," "Make Believe," "My Speech" will surely remind you of Lamb's genial humor, and the one on "Beefsteak" is a delicious bit of satire on the theory of vocational education such as Elia himself might have written.

Many of the essays—most, in fact—contain reminiscences of country as opposed to city life, and of the hints that may be gleaned from nature on the art of dealing with living things such as boys and girls. Is this a partial reason why it is considered by many that the ideal university should be removed from the din and smoke of the city? At all events nature has taught this ardent admirer many a helpful lesson. A few touches here and there will reveal to the reader that the author is a Protestant, with a Protestant's ideas of salvation, propriety of conduct, and the like; and occasionally he may meet with just a suggestion of naturalism. But these are only touches, incidental, and affect little the general excellence of the essays. These papers can be heartily recommended to all lovers of the desultory and light essay, as well as to those who have spent some years in the classroom. They are sure to act as a tonic to the jaded mind and a stimulant to reflection on the ways and thoughts of boys.

J. A. C.

Sinbad the Sailor: His Adventures with Beauty and the Peacock Lady in the Castle of the Forty Thieves: a Lyric Phantasy. By PERCY MACKAYE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

Of this dainty opera, described as a lyric phantasy, it is only an apparent paradox to say, despite all its graceful and artistic lyricism, it is in the factor of phantasy as unfolded in the extended stage-directions that the "fine frenzy," in a high order of poetic creation, stands most strikingly revealed. Mr. Mackaye, skilled as he is in pageantry and all the machinery of civic masques, seems to have wrought with an eye single to the possibilities of spectacular presentation. Yet the book is easy and delightful to read. In phrases of a true poet's prose, his directions so easily create background, dramatic settings and an atmosphere of wild but realistic illusion that the reader succumbs perforce to the enchantment.

In a deep forest it is snowing hard; frozen, scraggy boughs, with prickly leaves, writhe mournfully in the blast; for a moment a poor charcoal-burner, supporting the ragged form of a young girl, struggles silently against the storm; such, in miniature is the *mis-en-scène*. Then, by some wizardry of transmutation, the old man emerges as Sinbad the Sailor with his daughter, Beauty, *en route* through enchanted gardens, magic halls, vistaed palaces of dream-wrought splendor and magnificence, the moonlit haunts of wraiths and genii, specters and

sprites of every name, to meet the Beast who, through some Circean sorcery, conceals beneath his shaggy features the radiant personality of a prince. The action moves apace. However fantastic the conceptions, the dénouement is cleverly contrived, without a sense of extravagance or shock. The piece has all the unwavering, childish verisimilitude of the fairy tale. With never a line to raise a blush, the forty thieves furnish a strain of rollicking mirth; and the gallant Sinbad, despite the spell, retains in speech and manner all the breezy freedom of the seas. Altogether, in breadth of conception and detailed technique, it is a noteworthy book.

G. H. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The *Catholic Convert* for June announces that during 1916 more than 40,000 non-Catholics were received into the Church, an increase of about 1,000 over the record for 1915. Mgr. Barnes tells the story of his conversion, Father Calavassy writes on the prospects of reunion between the Greek Orthodox Church and Rome, Dr. Locke continues his "Stories of Conversions," and Dr. Chambers offers "Some Thoughts for Converts."—The reviews in *Catholic Book Notes* for May are particularly good; there is an account of the annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society, "the largest and most successful for many years past," and under "The Antidote" is given some interesting testimony regarding the changed attitude of English Protestants toward the crucifix.

Youthful "florinthologists" who wish to learn how to distinguish at a glance a crow from a crocus, a pelican from a panicle, the catbird from catnip, the auk from the orchid, the tern from the turnip, etc., etc., should not fail to procure at once a copy of Robert William Wood's "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers" (Duffield, \$1.00), which is described as "a revised manual of florinthology for beginners," and is full of clever verses and pictures of an indefensibly punsome character. "Not every one is always able To recognize a vegetable" he premises, and then proceeds to give infallible rules for doing so. For example, this is the way to tell the pea from the pewee:

To tell the Pewee from the Pea,
Requires great per-spi-ca-city.
Here in the pod we see the Pea,
While perched close by is the Pewee;
The Pea he hears the Pewee peep,
While Pewee sees the wee pea weep,
There'll be but little time to see,
How Pewee differs from the Pea.

An excellent and attractive summary of the biology of flowering plants is at the student's disposal in "The Mysteries of the Flowers" (Stokes, \$2.00), by Herbert W. Faulkner. A great number of our commoner wild flowers are described as examples of the general principles of plant-genesis by means of insect activity. The utility of cross-fertilization, the interdependence of plant and insect life, fortification against adverse circumstances, and peculiar devices for attaining specific ends, are some of the subjects treated, always in a pleasing style and with abundant illustrations, some of them attractively colored. Perhaps one or two of the author's more general statements would have lost nothing by an indication of the nature, at least, of the experiments alleged in their support; and his persistent depiction of the plant as working out its own destiny by something like conscious effort is at times a bit fanciful for a work in which sustained personification is somewhat out of place. Nevertheless, as regards the actual phenomena presented, a vast field of interesting research is placed within easy reach of the reader.

In "Human Welfare Work in Chicago" (McClurg, \$1.50), Harvey C. Carbaugh refutes the unjust accusation that Chicago is now exclusively devoted to material interests. It may be news to dwellers on the Atlantic seaboard, most of whom know more about Siberia than about Chicago, to learn that the city has the largest and best-equipped art school in the United States, the two largest schools of music, a public library containing 750,000 volumes, with two other libraries, whose combined total is 700,000, a famous symphony orchestra which has its own home and an endowment, sixty hospitals, and 400 organizations for charitable and philanthropic work. No college statistics are given, but one learns incidentally that eight schools of this grade are under Catholic auspices. The book contains an excellent sketch of the Church's work in education and charity. It is rather surprising to learn that there are more children in the parochial schools of the city of Chicago than in the entire diocese of New York.

"His Family" (Macmillan, \$1.50), the title of Ernest Poole's new novel, consists of Roger Gale's three grown-up daughters: Edith, a selfish widow with five children; Deborah, a schoolma'am and upholder; and Laura, a "guilty," shameless divorcee. Their father, an old-fashioned New Yorker, who feels he should keep up with his children, is daily faced with problems he cannot solve and finds the expense of cultivating "simplicity" hard to bear. There are excellent descriptions of the kaleidoscopic, complicated life of America's great metropolis, but nearly all the characters introduced are unattractive, and a doctor, whom the socialistic author apparently expects his readers to admire, deliberately kills one of his patients with an overdose of morphine.—That truth is stranger than fiction has been once again proved, this time by Penrhyn W. Coussens in "The Sapphire Story Book: Stories of the Sea" (Duffield, \$1.50). Here is told the whole story of the marvelous voyages of Columbus to a new world; that epic tragedy of the sea, the Titanic disaster, is vividly narrated; the laying of the Atlantic cable is graphically described, and the tale of Nelson and Trafalgar, and the Great Armada's story are also told. Indeed, the thrills of Captain Kidd, whales and sharks and storms and icebergs and fires and everything on the sea that has a story come in for mention in this interesting book.

The current *Dublin Review* opens with a most interesting paper by Cardinal Gibbons entitled "My Memories." Johannes Jörgensen has a good critical paper on the late Ernest Psichari's "Le Voyage du Centurion." Gertrude Robinson's "The Béguines" is a discerning "study in the vocations of uncloistered women." Father Pollen examines what the Council of Trent decreed concerning attendance at Anglican service. Father Vassall-Phillips points out the blunders made by two novelists that undertook to write about Catholics, and Shane Leslie has an excellent article on "The Celt, the Saxon and the New Scene," in which he offers the British legislator valuable information about Irish-Americans. Among the book-reviews, which as usual are admirably done, is a well-merited grilling of the two final volumes of the "Cambridge History of English Literature." "They travesty what they set out to teach," is the reviewer's verdict, and he justly charges Mr. George Saintsbury with displaying singular derision "in his estimate of the literary quality that marks the latest Christian renascence in England," especially in his belittling appraisal of Francis Thompson's poetry. Regarding the disproportionate representation Catholic authors receive in the work, the reviewer writes: "No plan or plea to explain this disproportion is adventured. We are left to surmise uncomfortably that sectarian prejudice, however subconscious, can alone account for it."

Mother M. Paul has written a very useful little book of meditations for religious in "Sponsa Christi" (Longmans, \$0.90). It contains many practical reflections put in an original and pleasing way by one who is thoroughly at home in her subject. Not only nuns but directors of retreats will do well to make its acquaintance.—"Christian Science" (\$0.15), by the Rev. Cyril Buotich, O. F. M., San Francisco, California, is a spirited attack upon the most noted among the latter-day vagaries of the New England conscience. It is delivered in the form of six lectures, well-planned in the main and calculated to influence the man in the street against the object of the author's aversion.

As a text-book purposing to give a scientific knowledge of life and life-processes and of the interrelation and classification of the animal and plant kingdoms, Smallwood, Reveley and Bailey's "Practical Biology" (Allyn & Bacon, \$1.40) is deficient simply because it attempts to cover the whole field of animal biology in 159 pages, of human anatomy and physiology as well as alcoholism, tuberculosis, etc., in 98 pages, and in the next 200 pages all plant biology. It would seem that only a hazy, general knowledge will be the outcome of the study of this book. As is usual in volumes of this kind there is a one-sided presentation of the alcohol question, ignoring the conclusions of painstaking modern investigators like Atwater, and contradicting the experience of the sturdy races of such alcohol-consuming countries as France, Germany and Italy. The statement, not borne out by the facts, is made that "alcohol fills our State hospitals for the insane," yet as is usually the case with intemperate advocates of total abstinence, a few lines later on we read, "no less than *twenty-six per cent* of the inmates of our State institutions for the insane have become deranged as the result of intemperance." This is a case of a quart filling a gallon measure! Tobacco, too, comes in for a Manichean diatribe and the logic of the conclusions is of the same order as that concerning alcohol.

In "American Literature in Spain" (Columbia University Press, \$1.50), Dr. John De Lancey Ferguson has collected considerable information from Spanish books and periodicals which treat of American writers. The author deserves credit for this difficult pioneer work of presenting to English readers the numerous translations and favorable criticisms our American authors have enjoyed in Spain. Wide reading, diligent research, and a thorough knowledge of the Spanish language are striking qualities of Dr. Ferguson's book, though the author might have spared us his occasional disparaging remarks about ecclesiastical imprimaturs, for "*Nunc non erat his locus.*" The volume closes with two bibliographies, one of translations and criticisms of our American authors, the other of Spanish periodicals; but among these latter the author has omitted *Razon y Fe, Ciudad de Dios, Iris de Paz, Revista Tomistica, Educacion Hispano-Americana, Revista de Archivos y Bibliotecas, Estudios de Deusto*, etc., which are more important publications than those he mentions.

"Music and Life" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.25), by Thomas Whitney Surette, is a comprehensive exposition of our country's state of unpreparedness in the matter of musical education, that part of national training, which, if proper attention were given to it, would undoubtedly help us to become a better nation, more cultured, more patriotic, and more united. The author, after treating of the nature of music, and comparing it with the other arts as a means of social uplift, gives his ideas regarding the musical training of children, community music, opera and the symphony. His extensive knowledge of these subjects, from the standpoint of music, is evident, and he offers helpful suggestions. But the philosophical treatment of them is not so successful. For instance, he says: "I be-

lieve that all the great pictures and sculpture and music lay first in the general consciousness and then became articulate in one man. I believe no statesman, no philosopher, no, not even a Christ, to be conceivable save as he lies first in men's hearts. What they are in *posse* he is in *esse*." If by "general consciousness" is meant an universal consciousness, there is no such thing, and that Christ is dependent upon man's powers of conception for his "*esse*" is preposterous. Divinity can be in no way dependent, and Christ's *esse* is objectively true to man, not subjectively. The author rides his hobby so madly that he considers man's only heaven to be the pleasure of hearing a symphony.

The volume entitled "The Golden Verses of Pythagoras" (Putnam, \$3.00), by Fabre d'Olivet, is translated from the French by Nayan L. Redfield. Though containing the philosophy of Pythagoras, they were composed by Lysis, one of his disciples. They are divided into thirty-six sections by d'Olivet and commented on as so many texts. For any one who is familiar with ancient philosophy the book will have a deep interest. From the book's preface we learn that the commentator who was born December 8, 1768, and died March 25, 1825, was a linguist of remarkable power, having made himself familiar with all the Semitic tongues and dialects and the secrets of the Chinese hieroglyphics. "In 1790, while in Germany, he received his Pythagorean initiation, and March 25, 1825, he died at the foot of his altar." Was Pythagoras a full-fledged idealistic evolutionist? It is somewhat difficult to answer positively from a study of d'Olivet's lucubrations. In his explanation of the twenty-third of the "Golden Verses" he has a comment on Kant which is interesting in view of the fate which befel the philosophy of Kant at the hands of Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, and of Kant's destestation of the idealist's concept of matter. The author writes: "Kant, rising into an ideal sphere there to consider reason in an absolute way, has done precisely the opposite from what he wished to do." He has discovered the essence of matter! But his view is nothing new. Pythagoras held it before him; but would have been appalled at the thought of expressing it so boldly.

Nearly all of Patrick MacGill's "Soldier Songs" (Dutton, \$1.00) were written under fire. They describe in verse the events of the trenchman's daily life, they are quite somber in character, and rather reminiscent of Kipling. The following poem, "Off Duty," is one of the best:

The night is full of magic, and the moonlit dewdrops glisten
Where the blossoms close in slumber and the questing bullets
pass—
Where the bullets hit the level I can hear them as I listen,
Like a little cricket concert, chirping chorus in the grass.

In the dug-out by the traverse there's a candle-flame a-winking,
And the fireflies on the sandbags have their torches all
aflame.
As I watch them in the moonlight, sure, I cannot keep from
thinking
That the world I knew and this one carry on the very same.

Look! A gun flash to the eastward! "Cover, matey! Under
cover!"
Don't you know the flash of danger? You should know the
signal well;
You can hear it as it's coming. There it passes, swooping over.
There's a threat and desolation in the passing of a shell."

Little spears of grass are waving, decked with jewels iridescent—
Hark! A man on watch is stricken—I can hear his dying
moan—
Lies a road across the starland near the wan and waning crescent,
Where a sentinel off duty goes to reach his Maker's Throne.

SOCIOLOGY

On Being Poor

I NEED not repeat the popular estimate of what it is to be poor. The curt phrase, recalling what Sherman said of war, is slightly uncouth; besides, it is not true. At least, I do not think it is true, although, writing in my lack of nothing, I am very like the aristocrats who philosophized, as the starved mob thundered at the gates of Versailles. "Why don't they eat cake?" was the question ventured in good faith on a famous occasion. "Who wants bread anyway?" Grass, toc has been suggested as possessing sufficient nutriment for the poor, and within the memory of the seven-years' child, it has been delicately hinted by perfumed and rustling committees, foregathered in sociological conference at the Ritz-Carlton, that East Siders and their peers would do well to subsist on rice, leaving potatoes, and such luxurious kickshaws for their financial betters.

POVERTY AND DESTITUTION

BUT by "being poor" I do not mean a want of food and raiment in becoming sufficiency, or of a roof over one's head. That is destitution, to be borne as a splendid vocation of high spiritual worth by a few chosen souls, but a state not calculated to develop the best that is in the ordinary man. Destitution has its pitfalls as well as wealth; it is a question which may be the more dangerous to the individual, as well as to the community. I can readily share the concept of the tenement-dweller who has "lost his job," that poverty, by which he means destitution, has all the pangs of hell, except the pain of loss. I wonder if we, who so often recommend resignation to his calm consideration, know what we are saying, as the easy counsel drops from our well-fed lips. We have only a dim concept of what it means to hear hungry children ask in vain for a piece of bread. We have never looked upon a wife slaving away what is left of a tubercular frame in a dingy, foul-smelling tenement. It has not been our lot to know that, simply for lack of money, a mere tithe of what thousands spend on luxury and vice in every great city, those dearer to us than life are dying in squalor.

That any human creature should be forced to suffer destitution of this nature and degree, is an outrage upon human dignity, which, in the strong words of Leo XIII, "God Himself treats with reverence." For it is "calculated," again to quote the Pontiff, "to defeat the end and purpose of his being" and "to give up his soul to servitude." It is the desire of God who made man as he is, that "the poor should rise above poverty and wretchedness and better their condition." If this possibility is placed beyond them, if they cannot have rest, suitable recreation, an opportunity to provide thriftily for their families and for the future welfare of their children, they are not poor, but destitute. The inspired writer prayed neither for riches nor destitution, but for those things only which would suffice for his fitting sustenance. That is, being a wise man, he asked for poverty, the nursery of great souls.

THE PRICE OF ACHIEVEMENT

FOR if destitution, enforced and universal, is an evil, poverty, as counseled by Christ is a powerful means to positive good. It is not only a passport to Heaven, but a strong factor in the establishment of Christ's Kingdom, with its unbroken reign of social justice, upon earth. It seems to be the Divine economy that nothing worth while is done in this world except through sacrifice. Draw up your catalogue of great men, and opposite each name write what part sacrifice has played in the ascent to greatness. What it meant to the followers of Christ need not be recalled. It was the price that Columbus paid, and Dante, and Harvey, and Stephenson, and Pasteur, Washington in the winter at Valley Forge, and Lincoln, in the dark days when he contended against men who held, with an honesty equal to his

own, that it was their duty to rend the Union. We seem to become strong not by keeping, but by giving. It is not a paradox in any department of human endeavor, but a literal truth, that whosoever loses his life shall save it; a forgotten truth which war may yet preach to us with terrible eloquence.

For we have been long teaching, both in our schools and in our plaps for social reconstruction, that life may well go along the paths of smallest resistance. Sacrifice has been discounted as an unworthy repression of self. The new spirit has had its philosophy, and appealing it is. There is so much sorrow in the world, it argued in Oscar Wilde's paraphrase, that one may well shrink from adding to the task and burden of even a child. True, yet indulgence is never kind. Spartan training has no merited place in any system, since Christ came to "teach us," in Marjorie Fleming's wise and beautiful words, "to be merciful." Better Spartan discipline, however, both for our children and for us, than Capuan camps. But poverty is the ideal, a bitter medicine at times, yet a panacea.

THE UNKNOWN HAMPDEN

WHO has not known in his community, the strong man who through a life of toil and sacrifice, in an humble environment, made his home a center of real social regeneration? The one whom I knew best was a country doctor of the old school, at the beck and call of the whole county, and cheerful under the strain of his beneficent work. He never took a vacation, wore threadbare clothes, and luxuriated in a single dissipation, a corn-cob pipe. Old and worn at sixty, he died, a few years later, from pneumonia contracted on his way home one rainy night, after an emergency call to a patient, who if he had paid a fee, would have paid it "in kind." I have no reason to believe that this true physician's annual income ever exceeded two thousand dollars. He left no debts, about fifty dollars, a wife, seven children, and the adoration of the community. His three girls graduated at the convent school; two now have happy families; one is a Poor Clare. His oldest boy is a foreign missionary, the second is a surgeon, attaining something like fame in an Eastern city; the third is a prosperous merchant, and the youngest, a lawyer of more than local renown. I might mention, too, that this physician had married most imprudently. At the time of that interesting event, he had, like Mr. Bob Sawyer, a number of "gratifying confidences," but very little else. In fact, his whole life was one long imprudence of love and sacrifice. But I think it paid in the end, and that a man of this kind is worth infinitely more to his community than a multi-millionaire who builds libraries on the proceeds of sweated labor, leaving the upkeep to the community.

MRS. JEREMIAH MADDEN

AN author, new to publishers, Mrs. Katharine Haviland Taylor, has recently taught the beauty of poverty in a charming novel, "Cecilia of the Pink Roses." Messrs. Doran will sell you a copy, cheap indeed at a dollar and a quarter. With an understanding heart does Mrs. Taylor tell of the poor, of their innate delicacy, of the wide range of their quick sympathy, of their pathetic struggles. "One thing made learning easy to her," she writes of ten-year-old Cecilia Madden, the daughter of almost illiterate Irish immigrants. "She loved so greatly that she was often submerged with the loved, and so saw their viewpoint." Throughout the story, Mrs. Taylor, when she views the poor, sees through Cecilia's eyes of understanding.

Poor Mrs. Madden, for instance, in the superheated July temperature of an old-style New York tenement, is dying of cancer. Across the corridor, "some gent is whackin' his kid," while poor little Cecilia is trying to prepare the evening meal against her father's homecoming, and at the same time, to take care of four-year-old Johnny. Plainly, this is a case to be developed by our most up-to-date, filing-case sociologist, as indicating conditions made possible only through ecclesiastical superstition or

reckless imprudence. But there is another side to this picture:

"Oh, Gawd!" said Jeremiah Madden. He laid a rough hand on her forehead, and she pulled it down against her cheek.

"Jerry," she said, between long gasps. "I been happy. I want you should remember that I been happy. Awful happy, Jerry."

"Oh, Gawd, Mary!" said the man. "If I'd a' knew how hard you'd a' had to work, I would n't a' brung you."

For only a few years before, Jeremiah and Mary had "stood on a wind-swept moor" in Ireland. "His arm was around her with that reverent touch that comes in Irish love," and in all true love, too, I fancy. "I'll send for you," he said, "after I make me fortune in America." But Mary "had come with him," yet never quite forgetting the soft turf and the gentle drip of the rain of Ireland, to an arid tenement in New York. There hardship awaited them, and poverty that at times almost touched destitution. But they were happy, because they loved much; a fact incredible to the card-index student of sociology.

"It wasn't no mistake," said Jerry, when the end came. It never is.

FATHER McGOWAN

THREE is also a delightful caricature of a priest in this unusual novel, and his name is McGowan. Father McGowan believed that it "was rarely necessary for humans to add to anyone's unhappiness by a mistaken sense of dealing out justice," and he modeled his life on his creed. In consequence, he was much beloved by the downtrodden, i.e., wage-slaves, small boys with no place to play, overworked mothers, girls in pursuit of mistaken ideals, and ex-convicts. But why does this good Father, who "had written a book," meet his parishioners with a "*Pax tibi*," especially when they are palpably plural? And how could any priest in his senses, plot by "innocent stratagem" to obtain entrance into "a fashionable school" for a Catholic girl? And why does he talk, at times, as if he believed the dogma of God's existence a matter open to question? In the amber of this amiable composition contrived by the excellent art of Mrs. Taylor, there are undoubted flies; Father McGowan, I grieve to say, is the most undoubted.

But Jeremiah, who even in his afterdays of affluence, loved to tell at dinner parties, how he "had hit the boss in the ear with a brick," is an unfailing delight, while the love of the little Irish girl for her uncouth father, with "his heart of gold," is one of the many factors in real life which underlie the truth that, whatever the sociologists may make of him, the good in man outweighs the evil. After all, even if we are sociologists, we cannot forget the truth of the Incarnation, in which the Most High God bound man to Himself by a new and wonderful link. And if one fact stands out beyond the others in that beautiful life, it is that He was poor and in labor from His youth.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

EDUCATION

Home Economics in the Grades

SHOULD home economics find a place in the grammar grades? Primarily, what is meant by "economics"? This is an interesting question for Americans. As a nation we live under perilous economic conditions, which neither legislation nor time seems able to ameliorate. Economics or the science of economic activities claims a relationship with wealth, and gives as characteristics, "food, clothing, shelter and other desirable things." When we qualify economics with the expressive term, "home," since food and clothing are not minor points of interest in any domicile, it will be admitted that once the scientific word has been so modified, the whole subject assumes a new aspect. We

can then remain with the limits of our subject in the confines of the classroom, where it is hoped that the efforts to further the work on "economy," both theoretical and practical, will later prove advantageous in the home.

ITS PRACTICAL VALUE

THIS essential branch has found its way into many of our universities, colleges, and high schools; in some places it has been successfully adopted in the elementary grades, and even in the kindergarten. However, there are reasons for and against, which it may be well to consider. According to Professor Mary Swartz Rose of Teachers' College, Columbia University, "Home economics deals with food, clothing and shelter." Another authority says: "It is a course in household problems and demonstrations." Therefore, it includes cooking, sewing, laundering, and domestic work from the standpoint of sanitation, cleanliness, order and neatness. These topics are, of course, considered in detail.

Why should these helpful branches be omitted from the elementary school curricula? By no means can they prove harmful; on the contrary it is an earnest conviction among observant men and women that there is need for them, and that they should be included in the weekly routine. Statistics show that education for the home is specifically authorized in more than three-fourths of the States, and the national Government has not failed to concern itself with the problem. Federal legislation established "land-grant colleges" in 1862, in which provision was made for home education. Even our current papers and popular magazines give ample space to the work as it is conducted in the various schools, and other evidence of its popularity is not wanting.

ITS NECESSITY

IN this busy twentieth century progress has made surprising strides. Those who look with favor on a slower pace are content to inculcate in the little ones a knowledge of the "three R's," and obstinately refuse to become enthusiastic when any such "fad" as home economics is suggested. But there are many reasons for teaching this so-called "fad." Many children must get the larger part of their domestic training from the teacher in the classroom. Nor is this a reflection on the mother or guardian. Frequently, the force of circumstance demands that she leave her place in the home to join the worker's ranks, in order to earn sustenance and shelter for those depending upon her. Can such a parent be expected to educate her children in the duties of home-life in all their details? Certainly not. In view of this fact, why cannot the school supply the deficit? Again, there are mothers totally incompetent to teach home duties, some by reason of health, others because of moral inefficiency, since they allow their social affairs to supplant the duties of the home. Hence, in many cases the development of the "home instinct" devolves upon the teacher. The convent boarding-school has always appreciated the necessity of training for the home from a domestic standpoint, and parents, Catholic and non-Catholic, have shown their appreciation of this ideal.

SOME OBJECTIONS MET

SOME object to home economics in the early classes, on the plea that its introduction will interfere with the fundamental branches, which necessarily require so much attention from both pupil and teacher. The expense attendant upon teaching the work, which must be practical, if success is hoped for, causes it to be in disfavor with others. These two objections can easily be met. The first is a problem that is soon solved, nor need the solution be entirely personal. The Bureau of Education in its publication, "Education for the Home," gives detailed and helpful information. For example, it is suggested that the work of the first six grades be a definite beginning in

industrial and fine arts, to the extent of "interpreting ideas and feeling through materials." In the first grade, the work is social, and industrial life constitutes the larger part of the course. The topics considered are: the family, its members and pleasures; activities; material needs, including food, clothing and shelter. As to food, the subject-matter may be: "What to eat; how our needs are supplied; how mother preserves some kinds of fruit for winter use." "Preserving of fruit for the day-nursery, modeling fruit and vegetables from clay, may constitute the practical side of the work." Each of these points can be and should be correlated with the hard and fast spelling, arithmetic, and other branches, and the thoughtful teacher will soon perceive that the subjects presented for the minims need not be divorced from what is required in teaching the domestic side of life.

If we examine the curricula of the schools that are fostering home education "to better the living conditions," we shall not find that they are crowding out the other branches. The maximum time allowed seems to be two hours weekly, devoted to the most practical problems. It is always interesting to children to see their own productions, and to meet the kind and approving glance of parent and teacher for tasks that have been successfully accomplished.

The necessary equipment need not be elaborate. I vouch for it that few if any heads of schools will refuse the small pittance required to aid the little ones, whom they are supervising in their moral and mental development, and it is encouraging to read in educational bulletins of the efforts and the sacrifices that have been made in the rural, suburban and city schools of so many States.

ARRANGEMENT OF CURRICULUM

THE courses of the first six years in home economics are general in character, and wisely so. In the seventh and eighth grades the schedule requires that the pupils begin to differentiate; that the problems of the household, the province of the girls, be seen from the technical and vocational point of view, while the boys specialize in the industrial arts. The "Teachers' Manual of South Carolina," in an issue of several years past, appropriately says, "One of the most important services that a teacher can render is to stimulate the natural impulses of the girls in her school toward the improvement of home." Every parent and guardian is keenly alive to the necessity of developing the minds of the little ones whom Almighty God has confided to them. But the generally accepted idea of the vast majority is to have these little children become quasi-storehouses of knowledge, the result of drinking in from books the deeds of the dim past, and hard facts. Truly, information must be acquired, but the children should not remain in ignorance of work that is broadening, and that gives dignity to the duties of home.

TRAINING FOR THE HOME

HOME economics, as a subject for the grades, should have the approval of every teacher in our land. The Commissioner of Education, Dr. P. P. Claxton, remarks: "In America, at least, the home is the most important of all institutions, where must be established the children's physical, mental and moral health. Thus, of all the arts, those pertaining to home-making are the most important, and of all sciences, those which find their application in the home, making us intelligent about the home and its needs, are the most significant."

The little ones are not capable of the arts and sciences, but there is a possibility of re-enforcing the interest of the child in the home, of strengthening "home-mindedness," and of imparting the knowledge necessary for sharing later in the activities of the household, and thus making the home "the sphere of harmony and peace."

Mt. St. Agnes' College, Maryland.

SISTER MARY PIUS.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Mother M. De Chantal Keating

MOTHER M. DE CHANTAL KEATING, a recipient of the bronze medal from the Grand Army of the Republic for her devotion to the wounded soldiers during the Civil War, died June 4 at St. John's Home for Boys, Brooklyn, N. Y. She was the oldest Mother Superior among the Sisters of St. Joseph, had been sixty years in the Congregation, and for thirty-four years had presided over the Home at which she died in her eighty-fourth year. Born in Ireland, of English-Irish parentage, she came to this country in 1852 and five years later entered St. Mary's Convent, Williamsburg. Later she was stationed at St. Mary's Academy, Flushing, and when the Civil War broke out went to Wheeling as Mother Superior, where she assisted in nursing the great number of wounded soldiers cared for in the hospital. Two of her nephews are members of the Society of Jesus, one being the Reverend Joseph Keating, S.J., editor of the *Month*, and the other the Reverend Francis Keating, S.J., a well-known missionary. Her sister, Mother Magdalen, of the Convent of the Presentation, is stationed at Fitchburg, Mass. It may be noted here that although adorned with a medal for the service rendered to her adopted country, Mother Keating would today be barred from again giving her assistance as a nurse to her country's defenders. By the action of the Medical Board of the Red Cross, all ministrations of our Catholic Sisterhoods in army and navy hospitals has been rendered impossible. (AMERICA, June 2, p. 190.) The Y. M. C. A. has been officially recognized, but almost 1,000 of the best and most devoted nurses have been excluded from service by an arbitrary decree. The memory of Mother M. De Chantal Keating, and of the many noble religious women who like her gave to their country more than it can ever repay, should weigh mightily to bring about an amendment of this un-American decree that denies to our wounded Catholic soldiers and sailors the ministrations of these "angels of charity." Even today the most cherished memories of Civil War veterans are of such devoted religious women as Mother M. De Chantal Keating.

The Marist Brothers' Centenary

ONE hundred years ago, in the little village of Lavalla, the Abbé Champagnat began a humble and insignificant work which today has developed into the world-wide society of the Little Brothers of Mary. A small house close to his own, with two disciples uninstructed in the art of teaching or even in the rudiments of learning, was the first establishment opened by the zealous founder. Even then he planned it to be a society for the instruction of boys. God's blessing was upon the enterprise which flourished beyond all expectations, and in 1824 he was able to bless the first stones of what was to be a novitiate large enough to accommodate 150 persons. Though without any visible means, his trust in Providence was boundless, and when on June 6, 1840, his own life came to an end the Society which he had established numbered 280 Brothers and thirty postulants, and was conducting forty-eight schools. On January 9, 1863, it was formally recognized and approved by the Church; and today, in its centenary year, it is spread over almost the entire world. It is divided into twenty-two provinces and has a membership of 6,097. In its twenty-six preparatory novitiates boys from twelve to fifteen years of age are received and trained for the great and noble task of molding the minds and hearts of the young, than which, as the Holy Father says, "there seems to be no work more important for human society." Here, too, under the mighty patronage of the Virgin Mother of God, they are taught

to perpetuate in their own lives those virtues of humility of spirit, simplicity and modesty which are "the chief heritage" left them by their Founder. The Divine assistance given him and his disciples "through the ever-present advocacy of Mary," as Pope Benedict XV writes in his centenary message, "is clearly visible in the growth of this Order which has progressed far beyond human expectations despite many almost insuperable obstacles." And he hopes that it will fall to his own lot to bestow upon the Society its crowning glory by inscribing its Founder among the number of the Blessed, "an event that would undoubtedly add greatly to the prosperity of his Institute." The Marist Brothers came to America in 1885 and opened their first school in Iberville, P. Q., Canada. New schools were rapidly added, and in 1905 the Society entered the United States, where it now possesses 238 members, postulants and novices, and is teaching in fourteen schools. Such is the fruit of the humble work of Abbé Champagnat, who "gave earth Mary's Brotherhood: a hundred years of solid good to youth, its ward."

Draft of 1780

ATTENTION is called by the Chicago *Tribune* to the views of George Washington on the draft plan for raising an army. They are set forth in a letter dated "Morristown, 25 May, 1780" and are addressed to a congressional committee consisting of Philip Schuyler, John Mathews and Nathaniel Peabody. He thus urged his opinion:

The mode by Draught is, I am persuaded, the only efficacious one to obtain men. It appears to me certain that it is the only one to obtain them in time; nor can the period which you have appointed for bringing them into the field be delayed without defeating the object. I have little doubt that at any time, and much less at the present juncture, the powers of government exerted with confidence will be equal to the purpose of Draughting. The hopes of the people, elevated by the prospects before them, will induce a cheerful compliance with this and all the other measures of vigor, which have been recommended and which the exigency requires.

Notwithstanding the extension of the Draught which I have taken the liberty to advise, occasional aids of militia will still be wanted, but in much less number in this case than in the other.

I have entire confidence that the respective Legislatures will be fully impressed with the importance and delicacy of the present juncture and will second the views of the committee by the most speedy and vigorous efforts. With every sentiment of respect and esteem, I am, etc.

There can clearly be no doubt of Washington's views on the draft plan in general, and of its necessity under the circumstances existing in 1780.

The Regular

THE editor of the Greenwich journal, *Our Town*, describes his meeting with "a young hero and patriot of the kind of which the regular army and navy are full." The latter was very busy at the time, eating his dinner at a restaurant, and his mind was little intent upon the conversation. He was on active duty, and, as he admitted between mouthfuls, was soon to go as a member of a gun's crew in an armed merchantman.

Inasmuch as I knew that this is the most dangerous service at the present time, I expected him to talk about it. But he did not apparently think it worth remark. When I asked him if it wasn't pretty dangerous, he said: "Huh? Oh, yes, fairly, I guess. Please pass the salad."

He did not deliver any admonitory remarks about the duties of citizens. He didn't once say anything about "slackers." He did not even express the opinion that we are a nation of inefficient cowards, which just now seems a pretty popular sentiment among the "patriots" who run the New York newspapers, and belong to the various societies that are trying to show the Government how to run the war.

You see, it never occurred to him that he was a hero or a patriot. He was just a sailor in the regular service of the United States. Personally, he would probably have preferred to stay in the navy yard, where there was plenty of "shore leave." But he was ordered aboard an armed merchantman, and, of course, he would go—"Pass the salad, please."

He would "do his bit," and if he happened to come out alive he would go about his duty as usual, and not expect a laurel wreath. It was just a part of his job. That is the spirit of the American regular, which makes one of him worth to the nation as much as a whole hall full of howling "patriots" who spend their strength in cheering and waving flags and directing the war.

As the dinner was over and the conversation broke off, the lad's concluding words were: "Good-bye; take care of yourself." "Just as if," remarks the editor, "I were the one, not he, who needed to take care of himself."

Convent-Inspection Bill Passed in Florida

THE convent inspection bill has just passed the Senate in Florida, disguised as a measure providing for the inspection of "all closed institutions." It was substituted for a still more odious bill which had been submitted to the House. Even had the press not clearly designated it as "the convent inspection bill," the debate in the Senate could have left no doubt as to its real purpose. The excuse given for its passage by Senator Fogarty (!) was the ingenuous plea that it was intended to put an end to bigotry in the State. During the course of the debate Senator Johnson left the president's chair to speak against the original House bill. "I am a son of a Methodist minister," he said, "but I believe that if the Protestants will use their religion to teach better living and leave off the agitation against other denominations they will accomplish more good for the people of the State." Alluding to those who were stirring up this strife, he added: "If Catholics go to hell they will have plenty of company from the Protestant congregations. I hope that both of the bills will be killed." Senator Andrews likewise rose to say that although he understood little about Catholics, yet a certain Baptist, with what little religion he had, had given him more trouble than all the Catholics he ever knew. These two Senators were apparently the only non-Catholic members willing to ward off all injustice and indignity from Southern ladies whose sole crime is that they have inviolably consecrated their virginal purity to Christ. Special credit is due to the manly defense made by the only Catholic member of the House, Senator Jones, of Escambia, who thus replied to the arguments drawn from popular ignorance and bigotry:

If I were to express myself as I feel after listening to the arguments on this floor, I might go too far. The Catholics of America expect and ask justice only, and the right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. I protest as a Catholic citizen against the enactment of any such law, as it is not necessary. We do not object to inspection. The present laws of the State provide for all the regulation necessary along that line. Grand juries of the various counties where our institutions are located have inspected such places and in every case have found them to be unexceptional. If any man who calls himself a good Christian knew of the good work accomplished by self-sacrificing women, as I do, it would make his blood boil to hear any person attempt to place a stigma on the character of these godly women.

While the rejection of the House bill by a vote of eighteen to twelve shows that at least a glimmer of light had penetrated the darkness, yet the substitute bill itself was passed by the overwhelming majority of twenty-six to three, and is now left to the Governor for approval.